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Diary of the Week.

LORD CREWE, addressing the North Hampshire Liberal Federation at Winchester last Tuesday, defined, in the following clear language, the constitutional right of the Ministry to seek the use of the Royal Prerogative:—"If a deadlock exists between the two Houses and the country has clearly expressed its will, the Minister of the day is entitled to advise the Sovereign to create a sufficient number of peers to override the opposition of the House." He added the following words:—"I should like to say—and it is important to remember the distinction—that if ever such an occasion does arise it is not a question of the Minister's going to the Sovereign and asking the Sovereign to create a certain number of peers as a favor, but it is the constitutional exercise of the power of advice by the Minister to the Sovereign. That is an important distinction; it is important because it carries this—the Minister has no right to give the advice unless he is prepared to say he would act on it." Does not the deadlock exist when the Resolutions of the Commons are refused? Has not the country already clearly expressed its will on the substance of the policy embodied in the Resolutions? Will not the Ministry be prepared to advise the Monarch that the time has come to use the Prerogative and to declare itself prepared to act upon it?

* * *

On Monday night the first stage of the Government's House of Lords policy was brought to a close with a majority vote of 106. Here was the first formal register of the popular will through the mouth of the people's representatives. Although Sir R. Finlay's amendment, which formally engaged the House for two long nights of debate, was based upon the statement "that this House is willing to consider proposals for the

reform of the constitution of the Second Chamber," no single member of the front Opposition Bench ventured to sketch even in the most general terms the lines of any such proposal. In Mr. Lyttelton's long discursive speech the only argumentative point which drew attention was his endeavor to define the limited right of the Lords to interfere with finance, as corresponding to the "emergency regulator" in an engine. Presumably the Lords were themselves to be the judges of what constituted an emergency. In reply to a long, clever, harassing attack by Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George delivered an extremely effective reply, exposing with quick thrusts the unreality of the talk about Single-Chamber government proceeding from the mouths of men who had for so many years enjoyed the fruits and cheerfully faced the risks of that form of government. What would they think of the fairness of a House of Free Trade Lords who should fling out contemptuously a Protective tariff which the people had "charged them to carry into law?" Thus, varying argument with illustration, he swiftly summarised the whole case of the Government, ending with an appeal to the members to safeguard against the encroachments of the Lords the liberties of the House, which stood for popular liberty and for the government of the people.

* * *

THE political atmosphere in the House of Commons reached a very high temperature on Tuesday night, when the guillotine motion was made an occasion by Mr. Balfour and his chief lieutenants to endeavor to extract from the Prime Minister an explicit statement as to the intentions of the Government in dealing with the Bill to be founded on the anti-Veto Resolutions. Their contention was that the Government was not entitled to closure the debate upon the Resolutions unless they were prepared to pledge themselves that the subsequent Bill should be fully debated in its several stages. The Resolutions must not be treated as if they were the fully considered and substantial policy of the Government for the purpose of an approach to the Crown for the requisite guarantees. The Government, however, refused to pledge themselves to proceed with the Bill in any manner which should anticipate the advice which they might offer to the Crown. Mr. Asquith's words were: "I said a week ago that we are not going to plough the sands, and that, when it becomes perfectly clear that to prosecute the Bill in its later stages would be a pure waste of Parliamentary time, the time and energy of the House will not be thrown away." To some members this reply, repeated, with slight variations, by Mr. Churchill, appeared to indicate either a lack of intention to approach the King for guarantees on the Lords' rejection of the Resolutions, or a disbelief that such approach would be attended by success.

* * *

In the midst of an extremely weighty constitutional argument on Wednesday's debate, Mr. Haldane diverged from the subject in hand to enforce the view of the "reformers," insisting that Reform was an organic factor in the Government's policy. "The policy is a single policy. It is, in my view, not Veto resolu-

tions and then, as a separable part, a reconstituted Second Chamber. It is both." He then proceeded to unfold at length the advantages of a Second Chamber founded upon a democratic instead of an hereditary basis. It is difficult to understand how he expected in this way to strengthen the tactical position of the Government of which he is a member at a crisis when everything depends upon the prior and separate settlement of the relations between the Houses, and when any introduction of reconstitution of a Second House necessarily distracts the attention of the country from the present vital issue, and promotes dissension in the Liberal Party.

THE audacity of Mr. Balfour's attempt on Thursday to explain away his statement of 1897 supporting the full control of the Commons over Money Bills clearly overreached itself. He could not, he contends, have meant to deny that the Lords had full legal and constitutional right of rejection, for that was knowledge so common that he was entitled to assume it. But, if this be so, it was equally common knowledge that the Lords had no power to amend Money Bills. What meaning, then, is left at all to his original statement? The only other point of interest in his speech lay in the word of warning he was good enough to offer to "reformers." "You will be giving to the other House powers which they do not claim and do not exercise, but which you will be unable to refuse when you have constituted it upon the model of the Secretary for War and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs." A very reasonable criticism, which Liberal members disposed to Mr. Haldane's view will do well to ponder.

THE Bill introduced into the House of Commons yesterday on behalf of the National Committee to promote the Break-up of the Poor Law contains four parts. The first is concerned with the establishment of a new Department under a Minister for Labor. The second provides for the abolition of Boards of Guardians and the transfer of all public assistance for the non-able-bodied (children, sick, aged, or mentally defective) to the County or County Borough Council. Part three describes the powers and duties of the Minister of Labor in respect of the classes above-named, provides for the abolition of Distress Committees and the transfer of all matters affecting Unemployment and the Regulation of the Hours and Conditions of Labor to the Ministry of Labor. The fourth part applies the Bill to Scotland.

THE sensation of the week consists in the disclosure by Sir Robert Anderson, writing in "Blackwood's Magazine," of the fact that he, while at the time an Adviser at the Home Office, was the author of the series of articles, "Parnellism and Crime," which appeared in the "Times" in 1887. This series of articles, together with the famous Pigott letter, it will be remembered, led to the appointment of the Parnell Commission, which, in the following years, investigated the charges against Irish members, the formal result being an apology on the part of the "Times," with agreed damages of £5,000. Sir Robert Anderson informs us that his immediate superior at the Home Office, Mr. Munro, was aware of the articles, and consented to them, and he professes ignorance as to whether the Home Secretary of the day, Mr. Matthews, now Viscount Llandaff, was privy to the proceedings. When we know that Sir Robert Anderson was transferred to the Criminal Investigation Department shortly afterwards, and that, as head of that department in 1888 and 1889, he was able to assist the

"Times" in the defence of the case set up by his articles, we can form our judgment upon the degree of connivance of the Unionist Government of that time. "The Lighter Side of My Official Life" is the title of the "Blackwood" articles.

A MEMORIAL, signed by a number of professors of ethics and theology and international law, has been presented to Sir Edward Grey, urging the Government to make further advances, at the International Conference held this summer in The Hague, towards a suppression of the opium trade between India and China. The step towards withdrawal taken in 1907, by which we undertook to bring our export to an end in ten years by annual reductions of one-tenth, is not deemed by the memorialists as an adequate fulfilment of our moral obligation towards China and ourselves. It is contended that both the Chinese and the British Governments desire release from existing treaty obligations and that the conditions attached to our gradual reduction of exports requiring China to show an equal rate of reduction in her internal opium trade are an unwarrantable and degrading interference with the freedom of China. The memorial is to the following effect: "In view of the now unquestioned sincerity of the Government of China and the leaders of the Chinese people in endeavoring to suppress the opium evil, we feel that there is a moral obligation upon Great Britain to leave China entirely free with regard to the importation of opium."

A PHASE of the Persian difficulty which critics of the Anglo-Russian convention predicted from the first has this week declared itself. When they divided Persia into two exclusive economic zones, the two Powers bound each other, but they could not bind either Persia or their rivals in Europe. Pressed to consent to a loan on conditions destructive of any real independence, the Persians are now turning to Germany, and apparently they are receiving some encouragement. An agent of the Deutsche Bank, the financial corporation behind the Bagdad Railway, is now in Teheran. It is believed that he is seeking a concession to build (presumably in the remote future) a railway line to connect Bagdad with Teheran by way of Kanikin. In return for this concession, German financiers, it is suggested, would lend the money which Persia so sorely needs on terms consistent with her independence. The bare suggestion that Germany might, at the last moment, step in to save Persia from the fatal embrace of her two protectors, moves the "Times" to profound indignation, and the Russian Imperialist Press is equally angry. For our part, we can see nothing improper in the proposal. Germany can have no designs on Persian territory or independence. Russia palpably has such designs. If the prospect is displeasing, the fault lies with our diplomacy, which has lent itself so uncritically to Russian plans. Other courses were open. We happen to know that a group of Indian Parsee bankers was ready to come to the help of Persia, because they realise that the triumph of the Constitution there is the best pledge for the liberties of their persecuted co-religionists. Had we refrained from discouraging that plan, Persia might by now have been relieved from all her more pressing embarrassments.

ALIKE in Northern Albania (which is reactionary and semi-savage) and in Central and Southern Albania (which has a strong and ardent progressive movement) the Young Turks are encountering difficulties. In the South they are trying to force on the Moslem Albanians

the use of the Arabic alphabet for their vernacular—a dodge which aims at dividing them from the Christians who use the Latin script. The result, of course, is only to accentuate the Nationalist movement, which is commendably free from religious intolerance. In the North, a necessary, but possibly tactless, effort to collect new taxes and to impose garrisons in places which the old régime left to their own anarchical devices has provoked an armed revolt. It is believed that the Turkish troops have been defeated by the tribesmen near Pristina, while at Ipek a Turkish officer has been murdered, and at Prizrend the Albanians have closed the Bazaar. The Young Turks are tired of diplomacy, and are sending large reinforcements. The tribesmen fight well, but they can rarely organise a prolonged resistance, and this revolt will end as so many before it have done. One regrets that the sympathies of the Albanians, who were at first enthusiastic in their support of the new régime, have been alienated. In the south at least the fault is clearly with the Government.

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THE Duma is, apparently, in no haste to pass the Bill which destroys Finnish autonomy. Passed in some form it certainly will be, but there is good reason to hope that the Octobrists, though in principle they accept it, will strip it of some, at least, of its harsher details: Finland, meanwhile, is preparing an orderly but unanimous passive resistance. The Bill has been referred, for "consultation only," to the Diet. The chiefs of all its parties declared one after the other, in formal debate, that the manifesto is itself illegal, and that the "consultative" reference to the Diet and the fixing by the Tsar of a time-limit for an answer are aggravations of its illegality. Further, they have unanimously pronounced in favor of passive resistance to Russian aggression. There is, apparently, nothing to choose between the determination of the Socialists (the largest party in the Diet) and that of the Old Finns, its most conservative party. The Russian Government appears to fear a strike on the Finnish railways, and has in readiness on the principal line an alternative Russian staff.

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THE exposure of the methods of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office at the Friedjung trial is bearing good fruit. It will be remembered that in order to justify the sudden annexation of Bosnia, a legend of a Pan-Servian conspiracy, in which the Croats were implicated together with the Belgrade Government, was officially promulgated. At the Friedjung trial it was admitted that the documents on which these charges rested had been forged. But these false accusations had already procured, in the famous Agram treason trial, the condemnation of a score of Croatian politicians to imprisonment ranging from five to twelve years. The Croatian Supreme Court has now quashed these sentences and the prisoners have been released. It is to be hoped that this public reparation for a grievous wrong may herald a new policy in the Servian provinces of the Dual Monarchy. The policy followed more especially by the Magyars in Croatia was politically ruinous, but backed by forgery it has become merely disreputable. The Croats have scored a success comparable to that which the Irish won before the Parnell Commission.

* * *

MR. ROOSEVELT, in his progress from the Nile to the Tiber, has been the hero of a ridiculous encounter with the Papacy. To explain it one must recall the Fair-

banks incident. The Vice-President had sought an interview with the Pope, which had been promised. But it then appeared that Mr. Fairbanks proposed to deliver an address at the Methodist Church. This Church is apparently the centre of an active anti-Catholic campaign, and the Pope's friends even accuse it of scurrilous attacks on him. Mr. Fairbanks on this ground was refused an audience. The Papal Court, on receiving a request from Mr. Roosevelt, sought to impose on him the condition that he should not visit this particular Methodist Church. He took offence and published the documents. In all the circumstances one cannot feel that the condition which Cardinal Merry del Val imposed was unreasonable. A Pope is not an ancient monument whose feelings a curious tourist may ignore. On the other hand, to require a formal undertaking was hardly tactful. But Mr. Roosevelt's action in publishing the correspondence was a mere breach of good manners. It has given his friends in the American Press their cue to applaud their hero's bluntness.

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CONSIDERABLE stir was caused last Tuesday by the publication in the "Morning Post" of Mr. James Greig's alleged discovery of a cipher, suggested by him to be Mazo's signature, on the famous Rokeby Venus in the National Gallery. As will be remembered, the picture was acquired by the National Art Collections Fund for £45,000, and presented by that body to the Gallery as a beautiful and undoubtedly genuine specimen of Velasquez's work; it is, therefore, not surprising that the Gallery authorities and others who had staked their reputation on its authenticity were startled into prompt action. Sir Charles Holroyd promised an "expert" investigation then and there. The experts, armed with magnifying glasses, assembled on Thursday, and though the official report of their deliberations is not yet to hand, it is understood that the magnifying glass did nothing to confirm Mr. Greig's discovery. Meanwhile the ancient controversy that arose at the time of its purchase, when the artistic merit of the work was criticised and the high price paid for it objected to by authorities as well known as Sir W. B. Richmond and Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, has been revived. The daily Press has reverberated with the thunders of conflicting partisans. Neither do we think that the matter will be definitely settled by the official report; for when an expert like Dr. Bode can be deceived by a Victorian bust, it is human to believe that the authorities who examined the Venus with a magnifier may be fallible. Mr. Greig, moreover, is one of the soundest and most cautious of critics, and it is due to him that the matter of the signature should be tested more thoroughly than appears from all reports to have been done.

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THE tidings of the appointment of Canon Hicks of Manchester to the vacant See of Lincoln has been received with deeper satisfaction than has greeted any other episcopal appointment by the Government. Known in early life as a classical and archaeological scholar of great distinction, he was appointed in 1892 by Bishop Moorhouse to be Canon of Manchester and Rector of a congested working-class parish. In that position he has labored assiduously and boldly for the improvement of the material and moral conditions of the people. An outspoken social reformer, he has taken for many years a prominent part in temperance and housing questions. He is held a moderate High-Churchman, but is particularly liked for the conciliatory attitude he has always adopted towards other Churches than his own.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

LORD CREWE, in his important speech last Tuesday, set before the country, in a clear and precise manner, that view of the Ministerial use of the Royal Prerogative which we have steadfastly maintained throughout the discussion of this issue. "If a deadlock exists between the two Houses, and the country has clearly expressed its will, the Minister of the day is entitled to advise the Sovereign to create a sufficient number of peers to override the opposition of this House." Such power, he proceeds to urge, must, of course, be only exercised as a last resort upon an extreme occasion. But "if ever such an occasion does arise, it is not a question of the Minister's going to the Sovereign and asking the Sovereign to create a certain number of peers as a favor, but it is the constitutional exercise of the power of advice by the Minister to the Sovereign."

Now there is no question here of any sort of pressure upon the King, or of any stretching of the powers of the Ministry. The Ministers already possess all the constitutional power that is necessary. The only relevant question is whether such a deadlock between the Houses as is here contemplated has arisen, forming an adequate occasion for resort to such a power. If the Government does resort to the use of the Royal Prerogative, it does so with the fullest sense that the entire responsibility for so grave a step rests with it alone. Can any Liberal, with Lord Crewe's interpretation of the case before him, hesitate? The electorate, by their recent vote, has not merely empowered, but expressly invited the Government to use all its legitimate powers for the rescue of representative government from the impasse in which the revolutionary action of the Lords has placed it. When the Resolutions now in course of debate have been duly affirmed by the Commons, that mandate of the people will be ripe for execution should the Lords refuse assent. There may be those who would have preferred the matter to be brought to an issue by means of a Bill. There may be others, though we are not of them, who think the two debates upon the principles and substance of these Resolutions inadequate in time for the formal disposal of so grave a matter. But this, after all, is a question of the Ministry's interpretation of its responsibility. They may, in our judgment, reasonably hold that the opportunities afforded to both Houses for discussion of the proposed policy afford a sufficient test and disclosure of the fundamental breach in the Constitution created by the Lords, and of the value of the constitutional remedy which the Government propose. To those who plead that a further indefinite prolongation of the crisis by a vexatious, and necessarily futile, discussion of the lines in each clause of a Bill is desirable before any application to the Throne for the use of the prerogative, we reply that this pleading rests upon ignoring the fundamental premises of the reasoning of the Government. If Ministers were either seeking some new power for themselves, or were about to ask the King for the exercise of some power which has been

expressly reserved for his arbitrary will by our Constitution, we agree that nothing short of the formal rejection of a Bill by the House of Lords should suffice for an approach to His Majesty. But if Ministers hold that the requisite constitutional power is already theirs, and that their duty to the people does not permit them to consume many months of valuable legislative time upon the detailed debate of a measure whose doom is a foregone conclusion in the House of Lords as at present constituted, the common sense of the country will stoutly uphold their decision. Whether they advise the use of the prerogative in the present Parliament, or prefer to secure a repetition in more explicit form of their present mandate, the country, we are convinced, will approve their action. One thing only it would not approve, would not condone: another early appeal to the electorate not accompanied by an explicit declaration of the Government's determination and ability without delay to use the constitutional power which it possesses to overcome resistance in the Upper House. Not even the achievement of the Budget, desired consummation though that be, would in any way suffice to avert the disappointment and dismay which would prevail throughout all Liberal and Labor ranks were the Government to evade or to postpone further the responsible execution of the duty which lies nearest them. The spirited conduct of debate during the last fortnight has inspired every Liberal with the confident expectation that if another appeal to the constituencies is deemed advisable, it shall be conducted with a sure hope that the fresh mandate it will give for securing the supremacy of the House of Commons over legislation shall unquestionably, and without further delay, be carried into execution.

But it must be frankly stated that the Liberal Party in the country cannot understand the hurried visits of the Whips and the troublesome arrangements for an early contest, on the assumption that the matter is incapable of being brought to a successful issue without another election. Though they may not be constitutional lawyers, their reading of the Constitution, endorsed by most candidates last December, is Lord Crewe's. Plain citizens, they argue, hold that if Ministers are able to ask for guarantees, not as a favor, but as an instrument of government, to the use of which they are entitled in their capacity of constitutional advisers, why should they hesitate, and appear either to throw upon the King some sort of personal responsibility which, in their reading of the Constitution, is not really his but theirs, or upon the people the unnecessary burden of repeating once again the express mandate to which they have failed to give effect? Lack of resolution, or an even shorter word, is freely used by Liberals of the North to describe the attitude which appears to them to characterise the Government in this crisis. All agree that the issue cannot be fought out without the use of the Prerogative. All agree that it will, "in the last resort," be used upon the advice of the King's Ministers. What all do not understand is why this advice should be delayed over another election, the favorable result of which is gravely jeopardised by this very process of delay and the doubts it generates.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PARTY.

A good deal of the argument on the Resolution introduced by Mr. Haldane on Wednesday seems to us singularly wide of the mark. Here, for example, was Sir William Anson, held to be a constitutional lawyer of the first eminence, treating the House of Commons to disquisitions on the precedents of 1628, 1671, and so on till 1860, to prove that the House of Lords acted within its legal rights in rejecting the Budget. But what need to prove that which recent and staring facts have made perfectly clear? If the House of Lords had no legal right to reject a Budget, then rejection would have been without effect. There would have been no dissolution, no General Election, no loss of millions to the revenue, no situation such as that which exists to-day. The point, which Sir William Anson, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and other special pleaders for the Lords ignore, is the distinction between the legal and the constitutional. It is precisely here that our constitutional pundits treat us most unkindly. For if there was one lesson which we thought that we had learnt from them and from our humbler teachers of school history in our youth, it was that the British Constitution is a living structure growing up under the silent forces of historical change, preserving ever so many quaint relics of the past, including strange powers which are never used and which, by the very fact that they are not used, are silent witnesses to the practical good sense of Englishmen, the moderation, the forbearance, the readiness to accept the inevitable and to face new situations with cheerful acquiescence, which distinguish the political genius of this country and have made it the school of the world. Take, for example, the powers of the Crown. It is certain that, by strict law, the King could liberate every criminal now in gaol, that he could dissolve Parliament at will, refuse his assent to any Bill, declare war, make peace, and cede the Channel Islands, or, for that matter, Ireland or Scotland, to a foreign Power. This mere catalogue of extravagant powers, contrasted with the moderation and reasonableness of the actual exercise of the sovereign's authority, confirms the complacent Briton's confidence in the reign of good sense. It ministers to the feeling of superiority with which he contemplates the struggles of the mere foreigner to establish, by elaborate paper constitutions, that which he has himself achieved by the one supreme national virtue of practicability. But now all this sense of superiority, all this practical confidence in an unrivalled constitution, has gone by the board. It has been thrown over by the constitutional lawyers themselves. The moment they argue that the strictly legal makes the constitutional, they prove that the day of an unwritten constitution is over, and the day of formal stipulations and binding enactments has arrived. The Liberal case is that the action of the Lords towards the Parliament of 1906 was not illegal, but unconstitutional. It was opposed, not to any general statute, but to the hereditary usage which has gradually grown up and which has engendered the modern form of representative government. This usage gave a predominance to the House of Commons in legislation, and an absolute

authority in finance. The former point was, without doubt, less clearly defined than the latter. The legislative predominance of the Commons might be relatively weak if the majority for any given measure were small, or if it were submitted to the Lords at a late date in the life of Parliament, or if the subject had not been brought before the constituencies at a General Election. But all such points as these were totally disregarded by the peers in their treatment, for example, of the Education Bill and the Plural Voters Bill. In this sense their action was held to be legal but unconstitutional in that it ran counter to the whole spirit of contemporary political life, and rendered a readjustment of the relations between the Houses inevitable. For, as long as the peers confined their practices to the legislative sphere, the charge of unconstitutionality was relatively vague and undefined. When they touched finance it was different. If the British Constitution all along provided, as Sir William Anson apparently would now have us believe, that the financial provisions of the year were fully at the disposal of the Lords to accept or reject, it is clear that none of us had the smallest real conception of what the British Constitution was. Among "us" we must, of course, include Mr. Balfour, whom no protests will ever save from the obvious meaning of the speech which he delivered on the Campbell-Bannerman resolutions. The power to accept or reject Budgets, if once confirmed, makes the House of Lords the predominant partner in the Constitution, and if that is the Constitution, if the Lords are the predominant partner in it and have been so all along, then surely our constitutional history is a tale told not by Sir William Anson and Professor Dicey, signifying our national practicability, but by an idiot, signifying nothing. In short, if the development of unwritten constitutions allows such latitude of error on fundamentals, then we can no longer trust to such free and easy methods. We must, in future, put things in black and white.

Mr. Chamberlain twits us with objecting to the use of obsolete legal powers by the Lords, and at the same time insisting on the ancient prerogative of the Crown to create peers. Clever words, but the practical conclusion of Mr. Chamberlain's logic is that two sides must not play at the same game. His party may stretch any ancient privilege they please to the widest limit of elasticity that the latter will bear. Our party, while suffering thus, is by no means to respond in kind. Mr. Chamberlain's "constitutional" friends, by furbishing up an obsolete right, may substantially institute a revolution. We are not to deal with the revolutionary situation with any weapon harder than a kid glove. Conservatives may take their stand on precedent, Liberals must realise that ancient precedents do not count on the democratic side. It is to be a game of heads the Lords win and tails the Commons lose. Plead ancient precedent, and the Lords have a right to reject legislation, including Money Bills. Plead ordinary constitutional practice, and Ministers have no right to override their opposition by the creation of peers. On both counts the Lords have it. Fortunately the rules of the game are not to be determined by one party alone, and the Liberal Party will play its

own hand in its own way, with the nation as umpire. If there is any validity whatever in the epithet "constitutional," it is simply the British Constitution, as it was understood to stand in 1906, which the Government wishes to establish on the secure basis of Statute Law. Liberals are in this case, as British reformers in important crises have often been before, conservative and constitutional rather than innovating. They stand for democracy and representative government as an organic growth, and wish merely to formulate in clear terms, about which there can be no misunderstanding, the stage which that growth has reached.

THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUTION.

It needs no ordinary courage at such a time as this to enter an arduous campaign of practical reform such as that to which the supporters of the Minority Report upon the Poor Law have committed themselves. But the cause of destitution will not wait, and the reformers do well, disregarding the immediate preoccupation of the public mind, to educate the nation and Parliament by every means within their power. The Bill which was yesterday introduced into the House of Commons presents the practical proposals of the Minority Report in skilful legislative language. In place of the existing Poor Laws, it proposes to set up as the destitution authority a statutory committee of each county council and county borough council, empowering this committee to establish the requisite machinery for searching out and sifting the various cases of destitution and disability in these areas, and for committing them for relief to the several public authorities—Education, Public Health, Asylums Board, Pensions Board, Labor Exchange—qualified to deal with the particular requirement of each case. The main feature of this great measure of reform will already be fairly familiar to most of our readers, for the Society for the Break-up of the Poor Law, which has already enlisted a large number of able recruits from the political parties and the Churches, has used the Press and the platform to considerable effect during the last half-year. It now enjoys the advantage of fierce and invigorating attack on the part of the supporters of the Majority Report, who have likewise organised themselves for legislative purposes, as well as from the boards of guardians, whose abolition is a common feature of both proposals.

It is some compensation for the sterility of legislation in the present session that an opportunity is afforded for presenting the policy of the Minority Report as an organic whole before its unity has been impaired by the piecemeal method of legislation to which party politics subjects all great reforms. For it is precisely this organic unity which marks the superiority of this scheme over the collection of fragmentary improvements which appears sufficient to Mr. Burns, or the loose and slippery policy of overlapping officialism and charity which expresses the reforming proclivities of the Majority.

It is, however, not in the House of Commons at present but in the country that the real issue between Majority and Minority reformers will be fought out. The high ability of the protagonists on either side ensures an extremely thorough and educative contest, in which the fundamental principles of social policy as well as of political procedure are to be canvassed and discussed. As the contest opens out, more and more is seen to turn upon the question of the relative responsibility of the individual, the family, and society, for the evils of destitution and their remedies. The attitude of the Majority remains in essence that of the Charity Organisation Society, which supplied its brains, and which imputes to the working-class family a complete capacity to make provision for its members against all ordinary and most extraordinary emergencies of life, calling in public, or preferably private, charitable assistance to deal with exceptional cases of misfortune. The new machinery of Public Assistance by which they would displace the present system, though more elastic and perhaps more humane, would not release itself from the evil associations which belong to a defective over-individualistic interpretation of the defects and vices of the poor. No adequate endeavor is made by them to remedy the overlapping which presumably will still continue between the operations of the new Assistance Authority and the operations of the Education, Public Health, and other authorities which play so large and so beneficent a part in modern administration of relief.

The Bill introduced yesterday to the House is of necessity somewhat intricate in the changes at which it aims, and the first effect upon many minds may be that it involves too large a machinery of interference with the lives of the people, and too large a confidence in officialism. But this first feeling will, we are convinced, disappear with a fuller understanding of the working of the proposals. The new Ministry of Labor, which forms the governor of the engine, is a long due reform, and will itself conduce greatly to release the treatment of the dependent classes from the degrading associations of the past. There is no truth whatever in the charge that an army of inspectors will be set at work, impairing the integrity or undermining the self-dependence of the family. The principle and policy of social self-help are as essential to wholesome life under modern conditions as the principle and policy of individual self-help. The family will remain the unit of sound social life, but it cannot be regarded as competent out of its unaided resources to meet all the contingencies of the changing economic conditions of our age. Civic co-operation must therefore play an ever-increasing part in the work of prevention and insurance as well as in the provision of relief. Those who study the able detailed Report upon which this Bill is founded will recognise in it the fullest and most comprehensive practical endeavor to rally the forces of modern civilisation to a work of prevention, which, in just proportion as it is perfected in administration, will diminish destitution, so stopping at the source much, if not most, of the misery and degradation which has baffled hitherto alike our social physicians and our amateur philanthropists.

THE PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

It is impossible to deny to the vitality of Mr. Roosevelt a gasp of admiration. Bounding out of the solitudes of Somaliland, he has enlightened Egypt and astonished Rome. His track across the earth is marked with controversy. Hardly has the telegraph ceased to tick with the news that his speeches in Cairo have set the Nationalists fulminating, than fresh messages tell the tale of his encounter with the Pope. Now proclaiming the beauty of docility to a subject people, a week later he is winning the commendations of Protestant America for upholding the dignity of Methodism in the very stronghold of the Papacy. There is in it all an assurance, a self-absorption, that extort a reluctant homage. Over what dreams of the future, over what traditions of the past, has he not trampled in his rapid passage? Halting for a day or two on the edge of civilisation at Khartoum, he makes a speech to the Egyptian officers whom he finds there. What is there, one wonders, in their minds, beyond the bald trivialities of garrison life? Perhaps some tradition of the Arabist revolt, which did for a moment bring a troubled dream of liberty to Egypt; perhaps some vague fellow-feeling with the Young Turks, who made a revolution in uniform two years ago. Mr. Roosevelt proceeds to deliver a discourse on the folly and wickedness in officers of meddling with politics. His *dahabeah* carries him down the Nile. He glances at Philae. He dines with American tourists. He visits the Pyramids. Arrived in Cairo, a three days' visitor in Egypt, he delivers another discourse. It is to assure the Egyptians that they are quite unfit to govern themselves. He has seen the brown skins beneath the thin *jibbehs*. He has heard the chatter of guides. He has cast a rapid glance at all the external efficiency of British Imperialism. It is enough to convince him that he has read the heart of a people and appraised its intellectual worth. It is not to dispute these opinions that we cite them. The daring, the startling thing was that a man just arrived in Egypt should venture to express them with all the authority of Rooseveltian oratory, and express them to the face of the Egyptians themselves.

Imperialism is rarely in European affairs a creed that unites. Europe is too bitterly intersected with racial jealousies to admit of that. The European Imperialist is apt to cherish a nice sense of the shortcomings of his neighbors' experiments in conquest, and to indulge a facile sympathy with his neighbors' victims. M. Gutchkoff, who is now facilitating the suppression of Finnish autonomy, fought in the Transvaal as a volunteer on the Boer side, and the Pan-Germans who exploit their Poles were ardent in their sympathies with the same cause. But the American Imperialist has his own definite hemisphere. He can afford to follow his principles in ours. By his earlier endorsement of our government of India, and now by his eulogy of our rule in Egypt, Mr. Roosevelt is consciously setting the model which he would wish to see adopted by the States. The doctrine of the "manifest destiny" reposes on a whole theodicy. It is the hymn of the superior white races, the justification for the appetites that come to energy

and success. What England has done in the Old World, the States must achieve in the New. The opportunity of this rush through Egypt has been used by the peripatetic philosopher to make a little incidental propaganda for the reading of history and the attitude towards lesser peoples which he has done so much to acclimatise in a soil that seemed, before his coming, so sterile in these special growths of megalomania. He stands for Imperialism and for war upon the trusts, while it escapes his notice that the Imperialism which he seeks to lead is itself the growth and the product of the centralised capitalism which he would combat.

It is with difficulty that a mind, accustomed to range popular leaders in the familiar genera and species of the Old World, succeeds in realising the psychology of Mr. Roosevelt. This primarily muscular man, who thinks in terms of movement, sinewy in his crude thinking, who strikes, as it were, instead of debating, and instinctively resorts in international matters to the lynch law of the "big stick," is too emphatically Western for our classifications. There is at times something Bismarckian about him. Bismarck also was a muscular man, deficient in sensibility, and, for all his ability, emphatically no intellectual. But there is in Mr. Roosevelt an inveterate preaching tradition which separates him by a whole world from Bismarck. A belief in force unites them. But Bismarck's force was veiled in none of the illusive idealism that haunts the New Englander. The typical contradiction that makes the piquancy of Mr. Roosevelt is his ardent advocacy of international arbitration, followed at a few days' interval by a message to Congress advocating a great navy. The Sabbatarian tradition is deeply ingrained in him. The sentiments proper to the seventh day jostle for ever without confusing the more practical maxims of the six-day week. This implies neither rational inconsistency nor hypocrisy, but merely a man who is the mouthpiece of every emotion that comes his way. His attempts in his battle with the trusts to avoid any clear issue of economic principle, by explaining that the enemy is not capital, nor yet monopoly, but simply immoral wealth, have the hall-mark of the same tradition. These convenient moral categories are destined to give their special coloring to all the Rooseveltian policies. The stirring foreign policy, however much it may do the obscure biddings of occult financial powers, will never wear the appearance of a conscienceless worship of force. It will always be stated in Old Testament terminology, with a suggestion of the providential in all its dealings with the Moab of the Philippines and the Edom of Central America. Nor will the war upon the trusts ever come to acquire the flavor of a quasi-Socialistic adventure. The trusts will be combated always as moral evils, and never as economic tyrannies. The muscular man is also the ethical man. He sees the world as action, as evil, and as good, where the intellectual sees it as a complex of causes and forces. Striding over the Continents, trampling on the sensibilities of Egyptians, stirring up the old sun-dried world of Rome, a facile word at his lips, a chronicler at his elbow, Mr. Roosevelt is supremely, typically the natural muscular man.

THE SITUATION ON THE VETO.

BY A RADICAL MEMBER.

THE result of the division on going into Committee on the Veto resolutions showed the intention of the various sections of the progressive forces to give their full support to the Government. The Opposition were on their defence, and it was the Government who were attacking. This reversal of the usual order of things gave a considerable advantage to the latter. The four days' debate was marked by several brilliant and telling speeches from the Government benches, and spirits rose at the masterly presentation of our case against the House of Lords.

So far, so good; but each step forward has to be carefully watched, and the method of reaching the ultimate crisis must necessarily be a subject of continual pre-occupation and speculation for the supporters of the Government. Some Members cling to the hope that a dissolution in the summer will not be necessary. Some deplore the fact that it is not the Bill itself which is before us. Some consider the decision to guillotine the Committee stage of the resolutions a great blunder, and many are now asking in some bewilderment whether it is possible to ask for guarantees from the Crown on a guillotined discussion of resolutions. This very pertinent question leads them to suspect that, in spite of the clear verdict of the country at the last election with regard to the Veto of the House of Lords, it is not intended, after all, to ask for the necessary guarantees when these resolutions are rejected or hung up by the Lords. Moreover, it is felt that the Lords may have some justification in summarily dismissing resolutions on a great constitutional question which they can claim have been passed without unchecked and adequate discussion in the House of Commons.

The situation is a novel one. No one, however experienced he may be, considers himself competent to give any useful advice to the Government as to how they should proceed. All that the back bench member can do is to hope that the issue will eventually emerge clear and detached from the tangle of Parliamentary procedure. But there are misgivings and a not unnatural suspicion that, even now, a carefully thought-out and concerted course of action has not been definitely decided on, but that it will be in obedience to the exigencies of ever-varying currents of opinion that the Government will allow their line of policy gradually to develop as each succeeding week passes. This, it must frankly be confessed, produces an unsatisfactory feeling of apprehension and uncertainty.

One point there is, however, on which a very large number of Liberal members feel they have a right to express a distinct opinion and give grave and solemn warning.

If, in spite of the clearly expressed wish of the country, guarantees are not to be sought, or, if sought, are not granted, and another election is forced upon us, it is absolutely imperative that we should face our constituents with the unqualified assurance that, if a Liberal majority is again returned to the House of Commons, the Bill restricting the Veto of the House of Lords *will become law* or the Liberal Government will not remain in office. No dubious phrases, no cautious or equivocal statements, no guarded and ambiguous utterances, will avail. What is wanted is a clear and bold challenge, incapable of double interpretation, not containing the prospect of further delay, and perfectly intelligible to the plain man. Unless we have such a declaration, a catastrophe is as certain as anything in political warfare can be. It is not improbable that, finding they are not in a position to give such an assurance, a number of members of Parliament would refuse to go before their constituents as supporters of the Government, if, indeed, they did not decline to go at all, and it is inevitable that an incensed electorate, feeling they had been betrayed, would vote against a Government so infirm of purpose and so lacking in courage and determination.

There is, however, as yet no adequate reason to make up our minds that the Government will fail us

when the emergency arises. It is the guillotining of the resolutions, and the consequent difficulty of asking for guarantees on their rejection by the Lords, that has again clouded the sky which was brightening. It may involve the loss of the Budget, and it is inconceivable that Ministers should not have taken into account the serious consequences of such an eventuality which may by itself prove fatal to us.

The Nationalist Party have been consistent throughout. A declaration such as is suggested above would satisfy them and save the Budget. Let us hope that our fears are unfounded, and that, in spite of an apparent indecision, it is the underlying intention of the Cabinet to take this course.

Without question, the party are eager and anxious to give their whole-hearted support to the Prime Minister provided they are convinced that the climax, whenever it is reached, is to be decisive. But recurring uncertainty and suspense are undermining their loyalty. No one pretends that the path is not beset with serious obstacles. Nobody suggests that there is an obvious and unquestionable line of march, but those whose eyes are open can see, anyhow, where the greatest dangers lurk, and they would be failing in their duty if they did not give a loud and emphatic warning against drifting down not to defeat alone but to humiliation.

Life and Letters.

A SCEPTICAL FOOTNOTE.

To the admirers of good sword-play the controversy in our columns on the merits of Strauss and his Elektra has been an entertainment unspoiled by any sense of pity for a victim. There was no bloodshed. There is no case for condolence. The perfection of science in such encounters is attained when neither combatant palpably bleeds, despite the evident fact that the foils were not buttoned. To a sceptical mind there is in such a debate something more than the pleasure of watching its agility. It raises once more the perennial doubt which awaits all disputes upon aesthetics. Is there anywhere a standard of criticism? Is there ever a disputant who is manifestly wrong, and a disputant who is manifestly right? Mr. Shaw assumes himself to be possessed of a criterion which enables him to distinguish a "duffer" in the world of creative art from a "torch-bearer." We have at times been tempted to subject this pretension of his to a Socratic process. An imaginary encounter between Mr. Shaw and Socrates in the vestibule of Covent Garden makes an alluring theme. We had got so far in writing the dialogue as to sketch the introduction. The preliminary statement of the theme was comparatively easy, nor was it difficult to guess how Socrates would have dealt with such a pretension. But the development of the conversation presented difficulties. Mr. Shaw would not content himself with the conventional replies. He absolutely refused to stand still to have the network of dialectic woven around him. Before we had reached the second page, it was impossible to say which of the two was asking questions and which was answering. Thrasymachus the Sophist was more docile.

The difficulty of discovering a criterion by which a new composer may be decisively rejected or accepted is, in great measure, a consequence of the confusion which the historical attitude has brought about in all our aesthetic criticisms. First under the influence of Hegelianism, and then with the reinforcement of the idea of organic evolution, our judgments have tended to lose their sharpness and decision. We no longer appraise. We describe. We hardly think of the artist as a man who comes alone to us with the new birth of his creation, a gift in his hands. He is, for us, the predestined vehicle of an evolving idea. In him an art-form has reached a certain phase in its necessary growth. He continues a movement of thought, adding to it a certain

element which is not so much his own as the resultant of what has gone before. We scarcely dare to assess its worth. We are content to assign it a place. That it is an eternal revelation, that it may be a possession for ever, does not enter our thoughts. It is the modern tendency, the contemporary idea. The attitude of the critic is rather that of the herald than of the judge. In the endless procession of ministers of art, it is his rôle to hail the newcomer, not for the beauty of his song or the solemnity of his ritual, but rather because he fills his appointed place in the orderly pageant. The new is not the best. It is the next. The naiver adjectives, which attributed to music beauty or dignity or grace, tend to become obsolete. In their place we are content to say of a man that he stands to Wagner as Wagner himself stood to Beethoven. We do not praise our kings. We trace their lineage. The consequence is a certain fatalism which bows uncritically to each new luminary. The critics who are penetrated with this spirit are ready to adjust their standards to meet each new evolution. Whatever their scruples and their qualms, they repress these weaknesses, fearful lest there be reserved for them the fate at the bar of history of those who, in their day, were contemptuous of Beethoven and mocked at Wagner.

The consequences of this historical self-consciousness are, in the first place, a notable timidity in the critics, and, in the second place, a growing independence in the public. It notes the hesitations of its guides. It is itself profoundly penetrated by the conviction that the next is best, and it also shrinks from the contempt which has overtaken those who derided Wagner. One may take an aristocratic or one may take a popular view of the criterion of beauty in art. One may say that beauty is gauged by the considered judgments of the instructed. One may say that it must rouse an instinctive response in the unsophisticated. Neither test is satisfied by the sort of contemporary acceptance which falls to such a composer as Strauss. Mr. Shaw insists, with a deference that seems unnatural in him, upon the European reputation of Strauss, and also upon the applause and assent which his opera called forth at Covent Garden. But when one comes to analyse this reputation, how much of it implies that either the musicians or the public felt his work to be beautiful? To both it is new. It is interesting and curious, and it seems to hold a place in the preordained and necessary succession. But many factors which have only the remotest relation to beauty help to explain its success. Its complexity and technical mastery go far to account for the curiosity and tolerance of the artists. To the executants and to the conductors alike it presents a problem which is a challenge to their skill. We were once indiscreet enough to ask a very capable violinist for his candid opinion of Strauss, measured in pleasure values. He answered without hesitation. "It gives me next to no pleasure," he replied, "to listen to his works, but to play him successfully is a triumphant joy." A famous conductor gave a similar apology for the prominence which Strauss occupied in his programmes. "It isn't music," he admitted ruefully, "but it is orchestration." Nor is it altogether difficult to explain his popularity with less critical audiences. The pleasure of following a programme, the rather elementary satisfaction in identifying themes, accounts in part for it—the pleasure of recognition, or, to use the Aristotelian formula, of merely saying, "This is that." The confused and exciting glory of a polyphony which baffles an ear accustomed to analyse effects may be, to a less instructed mind, a simple satisfaction. It does not understand, but it is not troubled by the failure; it did not try to understand. An acquaintance of the writer, a man sensitive to beauty in words and colors, had reached middle life without ever hearing an orchestral concert. He determined to try the experiment, and asked to have chosen for him something not too difficult. We suggested a Queen's Hall concert, at which Tchaikowsky's *Casse Noisette Suite* and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* were being given with Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." We warned him in our simplicity

that he probably would not care for that. When it was over, he declared with a splendid frankness that the sentiment and the melody of Schubert and the playful grace of Tchaikowsky had meant nothing whatever to him, and had indeed profoundly bored him. But he had thoroughly enjoyed the Strauss. It showed him, he declared, "what the orchestra could do." It is on such appreciations as this that a fashion in music may rest.

The instructed critic is apt to sophisticate himself under the influence of his instincts as a virtuoso, and to be intimidated by his belief in the inevitable evolution of art. He rejects nothing which has grown. But do we reach in the emotions of the plain man any surer basis? Tolstoy has worked out a moral theory of art which seems to offer the only contemporary alternative to the fatalistic historical view. Sincere art is an expression of emotion. It must therefore make an immediate appeal. It is a social thing. In a natural society, where none of us washed overmuch, or smoked, or ate meat, and in which we were all apt to be healthily tired with agricultural work, that art only would survive which carried its meaning at the first hearing. Wagner, it is clear, would have remained obscure, and Strauss would hardly have had a hearing. But how much else would have survived? Tolstoy draws his own line somewhere in Beethoven's career before the Fifth Symphony was written. But we question whether the Viennese society which welcomed his earlier works was at all nearer to this peasant ideal than the society which applauds Strauss. The degree of culture which can appreciate Mozart is, in its own way, sufficiently remote from nature. The peasant taste which seems to us so sure and true in its selection and preservation of good folk-tunes works within a rigid tradition. It also likes what it has learned to like. There is no reason to suppose that peasant taste would show itself at all enlightened in recognising the beauty of alien work created on a similar level of culture. The English dairy-maid who sings "Barbara Allan" would not perceive, as we do, the charm of "Joli Tambour." But she is quite happy in a modern music-hall. The Scottish ploughboy who whistles "Ye Banks and Braes" would not thrill at a Russian peasant melody. But he at once appropriates the latest waltz that comes his way in the repertoire of a barrel organ. The tradition which the cultured musician venerates in peasant art has stopped short of forming a habit of judgment. It is accepted because it is the custom of the locality. It can be overridden by any other fashion, however debased. The absolutist who contends for some immutable and quasi-mathematical criterion, based in the end upon the physiological fitness of sound to stimulate our organs beneficially, alone escapes these sceptical difficulties. And he escapes only because his criterion is a desideratum, which he can conceive but has never defined.

WINSTON CHURCHILL THE FIRST.

THE other night, as I was turning over the pages of a bookseller's catalogue, my eye lit upon "*Divi Britannici: being a Remark upon the Lives of all the Kings of this Isle from the year of the world 2855 unto the year of grace 1660* by Sir Winston Churchill Kt.: London. Printed by Tho. Roycroft, to be sold by Francis Eglesfield, at the Sign of the Marygold in St. Paul's Church-yard MDCLXXV." Struck by the author's name, and curious about this its first incursion into politics and literature, I sent for the item in haste, fearful of competing buyers. Next day my heart was rejoiced by the arrival of a goodly folio, enriched with the autumnal tints of king worship by the emblematic art of an old cavalier. Not less learned in all the heraldic mythology of our earlier kings than ingenious in its royalist readings of later history, the book has an intrinsic value. But it is with the name and person of the author that we are most concerned.

This Winston (Winston Churchill, the First) was

descended, as we learn from Wood's "Athenae Oxonienses," "from those of his name living sometimes at Churchill, in Somersetshire, and was born at Wootton Glanville in 1620. His Christian name came from his mother Sarah, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Winston of Standiston, in Gloucestershire." These Gloucestershire Winstons were an ancient and renowned family. At sixteen young Winston went to St. John's College, Oxford, and made "uncommon progress" in his studies, until the outbreak of commotions drew him degreeless from books to arms. He fought and suffered on the King's side, for the most part probably in the west; and towards the end of the war, having married a daughter of Sir John Drake, he found a home and refuge with his father-in-law at Ashe, near Axminster. Through this alliance the Churchills can trace descent from the greatest of Tudor sailors and the greatest of Stuart courtiers; for Sir John Drake's wife, Eleanor, was sister to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the first Lady Winston Churchill was, therefore, the Duke's niece.

At Ashe, therefore, he began this work on the divine race of British monarchs. It was, he tells us in a preface to his most sacred Majesty Charles II. "the only instance of duty I could give at that which was indeed the worst of times; being begun when everybody thought that monarchy had ended and would have been buried in the same grave with your martyr'd father; . . . when none of us that had served that blessed prince had any other weapon left us but our pens to show the justice of our zeal by that of his title; . . . writing and fighting being alike dangerous and necessary."

At the Restoration, Churchill was elected member for Plymouth, and sat in the Parliament which met on May 8th, 1661. He was knighted in 1663, and in the same year was appointed successively a commissioner of the Court of Claims in Ireland and clerk comptroller of the green cloth. The Royal Society, "for his known love of letters and conversation with learned men," elected Sir Winston a member; nor did the clerkship of the green cloth deprive him of scholarly leisure; for, as we are informed, "notwithstanding his engagements in these public offices, he found time to draw up a kind of political essay upon the history of England." This was the continuation and completion of the work begun, as we have seen, at Ashe, and published in 1675, under the title, "Divi Britannici." But the introduction gave such a view of the King's supreme and absolute authority with "all those fundamental and absolute rights which make up the whole system of supream power, by the Feudists indifferently term'd *Jura Regalia* and *Jura Summi Imperii*, by the Civilians *Sacra Sacrorum*, by our own lawyers sometimes *Prerogativa*, sometimes *Inseparabilia*," that it offended even the servile Commons of that day; and the author accordingly, in a second edition, cancelled the most obnoxious passage on the King's right to tax the subject. This paragraph is worth looking at. Churchill takes "the seven general Topicks of absolute sovereignty agreed by all feudists," and shows, to his own loyal and patriotic satisfaction, how well, in respect of each, the kings of this isle compare with other kings and emperors. The second of these prerogatives is the *Jus Vectigalium*, or *Jura Fisci*, "under which our civilians comprehend almost all kinds of impositions and services pecuniary and personal," and our author finds his king, "under all or either of these considerations, as well entituled as any other princes of the world, both *de facto* and *de jure*," though in a later chapter on Charles the First he seems to blame Attorney-General Noy for encouraging his master to revive shipmoney "by the dubious authority of an antiquated and (as it was afterwards called) arbitrary law."

About this time Sir Winston was attacked by an anonymous lampoonist as a leading conspirator in some dark plot for re-establishing popery and arbitrary government. As to popery, the book itself seems to be strongly against the papal claims and full of warnings against any submission to Rome. It appears, indeed, to

be part of his argument for the superior majesty of English Kings that, by our common law, all spiritual jurisdiction is inherent in the Crown; and his admiring account of the cunning answer Elizabeth gave to "the great Fishermen of the Church," when they put to her that puzzling question of the real presence, does not fit the presumption that Churchill was at heart a Romanist. But the following passage, which will give some idea of the writer's style, would seem conclusive on this head, though plainly he hated "the Congregational Pastors of Geneva" and the Scottish Covenanters even more than the Catholics and Papists:—

"Neither was it a thing of small moment that came first to be weighed by her—to wit, the great business of religion: the materials whereof being prepared to her hand by her brother, as the foundation was laid to his by her father, she resolved to proceed in edification of the Church as Solomon did in building of the Temple, with as little noise as might be. And accordingly, as she conformed to take her assumption from the hand of a popish bishop, who performed all the ceremonies of her inauguration *more Romano*; so being crowned, she made choice (as I said) of such a mixed council as might put her out of all doubt of oversetting the vessel by loading too much upon any one side, and out of all danger of foundering by steering their course in too straight a line cross the surges of the swelling tide; and because she designed to show her moderation as well as her wisdom, she did not put out the candle light of Popery all at once, but let in the sunshine of the Gospel by such degrees that the people might neither be left altogether in the dark to grope after new laws, nor yet exposed to be dazzled with the too sudden approach of the greater light; refining the mass with such a temperate heat of zeal as first took off the scum only, that is the foulest and grossest part of superstition; then proceeded to purge out the thinner dross of scandalous matter; and in the last place she took away what appeared superfluous and unnecessary, retaining only the sounder part, out of which she made up that form of service which hath ever since continued to be used in the Church of England."

The temptations offered her by the Pope are described as "a well-compounded bait, and such as if it had been large enough to have covered the hook might probably have taken any other woman." Churchill wrote before English prose had freed itself from the long and clumsy sentences with their "trailing clouds" of relatives; but it will be agreed, I think, that Wood's slighting reference to the book as "thin and trite" is unfair and unfounded. He seems to have objected to the armorial bearings with which it is adorned, for he says it was bought rather for these than for its literary worth. But this is perhaps the envy, hatred, or malice of a dull and peevish antiquary, whose vast industry had been poorly rewarded.

As I began with the descent of the first Winston Churchill, I shall end with his descendants. His eldest child, Arabella, who was born at Ashe, became maid-of-honor to the Duchess of York and mistress to the Duke, by whom she had several children. In 1687—a year before Sir Winston's death—the eldest of these, James Fitzjames, was created, by his natural and royal father, Duke of Berwick. Though yet only a boy of seventeen he had seen fighting, and was already giving proof of future greatness. Meanwhile, Winston's eldest son, John Churchill, had been raised to the peerage as Baron Churchill, in 1685—Sir Winston died early in 1688, just before the glorious Revolution. If he had lived a little longer he would have seen his eldest son fighting with the Prince of Orange and his eldest grandson fighting for James in Ireland. The military historian is bound to place the victor of Almanza a little lower than the victor of Blenheim. But the nephew was neither treacherous nor corrupt. He was Montesquieu's living example of a great man: "In the works of Plutarch I have seen at a distance what great men were; in Marshal Berwick I have seen what they are." Sir Winston's grandson died a grandee of Spain, a marshal of France, and a Knight of the Golden Fleece, while his son became Duke of Marlborough and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Be this book then what it may, it will have a certain value, not only as the sole literary achievement of the first Winston Churchill, not only as a clever old cavalier's reading of English history, but also because of the reflected glory which the exploits of a son, a grandson, and a namesake shed upon its author.

F. W. H.

SOCIALISM AND THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

ONE of the common objections against Socialism is that by stopping the competitive struggle for life it puts an end to the process of natural selection leading to the elimination of the unfit, and thus brings progress to a standstill. This essentially biological argument is usually met by a bluff which consists in charging the critic with a *petitio principii* in the use of the term unfit. Most candid Socialists will admit under pressure that it is a bluff. For they do not seriously deny that, making every allowance for the unfairness of the present terms of competition, those who fail are less desirable types of humanity, from the true social standpoint, than those who succeed, being physically, intellectually, and even morally inferior stock. Nor can they deny that a Socialism which permitted the defectives, shirkers, and incapables, to breed freely, and made full provision for the maintenance of their offspring, would find itself in a very awkward predicament. They might indeed put in several pleas of extenuation. First, they might urge that the crude industrial struggle enabled some sorts of individual fitness to survive which were socially injurious, and killed certain types that would be socially beneficial. Secondly, they might point out that under Socialism certain types of physical and moral unfitness which affect reproduction or the matrimonial chances will continue to be eliminated by natural selection, perhaps even more effectively than before. Thirdly, they may argue that the higher level of physical and social environment will so far improve the general level of individual life and character as to offset any damage arising from the stoppage of the elimination of unfit individuals. Finally, it may be contended that in the higher evolution of civilisation the struggle between fit types of society, nations, or races, is more important than the struggle between individuals, and that the "fitness" of a society involves the repression of the crude biological struggle among its individual members. In other words, this Socialisation has a "survival value" in the struggle between societies.

But though there is a certain amount of force in all these contentions, they cannot be held to turn the edge of the biological argument. It is not possible to gainsay the whole story of organic evolution. The maintenance and progress of the species, physical and moral, can only be secured by eliminating bad stock. If Socialism implies the maintenance and multiplication of weak-limbed, weak-minded, weak-willed, or positively vicious stock, no further condemnation is required.

Mr. F. W. Headley, in a vigorous and stimulating little book, "Darwinism and Modern Civilisation" (Methuen), develops this charge. "Civilisation has advanced up to now through two co-operating processes, the improvement of the conditions, physical, moral, and intellectual, under which men live, and the weeding out of the uncivilisable. Neither process can effect much if a stop is put to the other." Mr. Headley thinks a stop is being put to the other. For this "weeding out," competition and elimination are essential. The healthy conditions of our social system should be such as will enable efficient men to rise, inefficient to fall and to drop out. Mr. Headley contends that our present civilisation retards both processes. His charges against Socialism appear really valid against the curious blend of social reform and capitalism which constitutes our present policy. For if we are to eliminate bad stock, we must stop that parasitic browsing upon rents and profits of inherited capital which support wealthy incompetency, as well as stop supplying free meals and soft jobs to the lazy and the thriftless poor. Mr. Headley has the intelligence to recognise this, but he has not assimilated the truth into his system of thought. If he had, he would perceive an important organic connection between the inefficiency bred of luxury and that bred of poverty. He does, indeed, acknowledge the great social waste attending the accumulation of capital in the hands of a few, which is the most striking external feature of our civilisation, the horde of men and women "living on their means," i.e., performing no direct personal service in return for the vast amount of service they receive from others. This malady

he is prepared to cure, or rather to mitigate, by that very process of graduated taxes on inheritance and income which is being denounced just now as the worst embodiment of predatory Socialism. He is even willing that Governments should intervene to rescue the land from the clutches of great landlords, and to place it in the hands of cultivating tenants. If the State fails in its efforts to control railroad monopolies, it will be compelled by "regrettable necessity" to purchase and to work them. Other industrial or trading trusts or monopolies he hopes will fall to pieces of inherent rottenness, but, if they do not, we gather that Mr. Headley is willing that the State should take them over.

As one follows him in his efforts to secure true individualism, effective competition, one sees him driven by sheer logic deeper and deeper into the very morass of constructive Socialism which he seeks to shun. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. The best test of individual fitness involves equality of economic, intellectual, and moral opportunities; these can only be secured for all individuals alike by the organised effort of society. Every man and woman must have an equal chance with every other to acquire those elements of health, knowledge, technical skill, mobility, access to land and credit, and those civil and political rights which are at once the means and the encouragement of self-development and social service. But a society which shall secure for all its members these conditions of effective competition must have elaborated a State which, through its servants, performs a large number of professional and even industrial functions, and interferes in a variety of ways with the impediments which private interests place in the way of equal opportunity. So it comes about that a considerable measure of State Socialism is an indispensable condition of that effective struggle for the selection of fit individuals that is desired by the biological sociologist.

But how about the physically and the morally unfit, the diseased and vicious? Are they eliminated? No, they are not. And here Mr. Headley falls into line with the common plaint against "the system of taking from the industrious a great part of the wealth which competition and individualism have enabled them to earn, and of distributing it among those who, mainly from want of industry and resourcefulness, have failed." But his own admissions of the working of capitalism convict him of two errors of assumption here, one that wealth is, under present conditions, a true measure and effect of industry, the others that poverty proceeds from purely personal defects. The real answer, however, is that the indiscriminate maintenance and propagation of physical and moral weaklings, which is denounced as the unpardonable sin against the progress of the race, is not Socialism at all. It is partly a charitable luxury of the rich, partly a slipshod and mistaken policy of social reform undertaken under sentimental pressure by every sort of modern Government. It is no principle of Socialism to take money from the rich in order to give it to the poor, or to encourage by doles the survival and multiplication of unfit citizens. This is done by Conservative and Liberal Governments alike, by bureaucracies like Germany, or democracies like Australia. Eugenics rightly condemns it as a vicious policy of social palliatives, insisting that a well-ordered State, thoughtful of the future of society, will, by education, legislation, or both, furnish a rational substitute for the cruel and wasteful processes of the biological struggle. The growing sensibility of civilised man has, in fact, brought him to a dangerous half-way house of sentimentalism, in dealing with the biological conditions of progress. Biologists justly urge that a society which applies increasingly its material resources to enable its less fit members to live and multiply, without attempting to secure legitimate restraints, is engaged in a work of social suicide. If, as is certain, no reversal of the positive policy of protecting all forms of existing human life is practicable or desirable, the State which is called upon to administer these social aids to individual weaklings must secure that their defects shall die with them, and shall not be handed on to posterity. Every State must sooner or later be brought to confront the grave practical difficulties in-

volved in such a policy. When every hole of cowardice or prevarication has been stopped, statesmen will have to find a solution for this fundamental problem of social progress. Its neglect will be a crime for which the nation will pay dear in degeneration and decay. But nothing is gained by charging the crime against Socialism.

THE CUCKOO'S MATE.

THERE is a tree on the South Downs that has probably had more wrynecks on it than any other tree in the British Isles. It stands on a high hump of the Downs, far from other trees and at the edge of the trench carved by one of the rivers in that great wold of chalk. The river is a line of migration that has guided the birds northward for thousands, or perhaps millions, of years. The tree is the first resting place this side of the sea. All manner of birds, fainting just a little from their long sojourn in the air, drop to this tree and twitter there awhile before resuming their journey into Merrie England.

Who can imagine the feelings of the returned wrynecks as, on a genial April day, they feel the first English twig between their claws after their stupendous flight out of Africa? It is not, however, the supreme end of their homeward flight, and, tired as they are, they take little rest in this Sussex tree. Onward the little bands go, dropping units here and there as last year's scattered homesteads are reached. Our own wryneck is at length happy when he perches, as well as a wryneck can perch, in the orchard of twisted, moss-grown apple trees. The orchard is happy when he breaks out into the flute-like "hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo," without which April sunshine, however mellow, would seem to lack something. He goes and visits the anthills of last year, and finds with delight that they are as well stocked as ever. The same soft-wooded willow holds grubs for his easy capture. We hope that he notes with approval that the same humans inhabit the house among the flowers.

A few days later, both the wrynecks are in the orchard. We like this courtesy among the birds which usually sends the males ahead of the hens, to see that all is straight, and to prepare a welcome home for their spouses. We can imagine that he takes care to know just where he can get the juiciest morsel for her refreshment on arrival. When they revisit the old nesting-site, they not infrequently find that a great or a blue tit, winter-abiding birds whose nesting begins earlier, has begun to build there. It is a trifle that does not worry the wrynecks, for they proceed to haul out the labor of the tits, and reduce the floor of the hole to the bare requirements of the woodpeckers they are. The wryneck's laugh proclaims him kindred with the great green woodpecker, one of the noisiest members of the tribe. It is with a woodpecker tongue that he picks up ants from the anthill. His feet, with two claws, instead of one, turned backward, not only put him among the woodpeckers, but suggest a horrid possibility. Has not the cuckoo such feet as this, and may it not be that the nest-usurping habit of the wryneck may lead to a more definite parasitism? Possibly the first cuckoo merely stole the nest of some other bird in which to bring up her own young in a proper maternal way. Then, perhaps, she relinquished the nest with her own egg therein, half incubated or fresh, and at last adopted the easiest way of all—to put her egg there without bother when the owner was out, and leave the rest to a fooled maternal instinct.

It is not likely that all the facts, anatomical and otherwise, were considered before the instinct of the countryside christened the wryneck "cuckoo's mate." The fact of its arrival punctually a few days before the cuckoo, and possibly the not very remote resemblance of its call to that of a cuckoo, made it the herald of the bird of summer. On the other hand, it is possible that a cumulative instinctive knowledge of some of its habits and peculiarities made men grope to its name on the same extended grounds that have bidden

systematists put it on equality with the yaffle in a sub-family of the *Picidae* or woodpeckers, and in the same order as the *Cuculidae* or cuckoos. The yaffle, or green woodpecker, has many of the wryneck's distinctive habits in a less degree. He can turn his neck with almost the same snake-like suppleness, and can hiss as effectively as the "snake-bird." But the wryneck is specially got up for the earning of its name, having an exaggerated eye-stripe that accentuates the apparent contortion of the neck. A well-accredited writer indeed declares that the wryneck can twist its neck so far "as to allow the head to make a complete revolution on its axis." That, however, is not the fact. Even *torquilla*, the twister, has its limitation. In compensation we will strongly insist that its family name of *Iyinx*, the shrieker, is a cruel misnomer. There is not a gentler, mellower, happier cry in the whole gamut of an April day than the sevenfold "Pay-pay-pay," as some have written it, of the wryneck. In tone and pitch it is rather near the "Jug-jug-jug" of the nightingale. It is in its evenness of syllable and absence of passion that it declares itself unmistakably picarian. We admit that the galloping hessian shrieks, but never will we allow that term to the cuckoo's mate. If the yaffle's is a horse laugh, then the laugh of the wryneck is a silvery feminine ripple. It is in complete tone with the opening pink of the apple blossoms, the hum of bees, and the scent of violets.

We have said that our wrynecks belong to the orchard. It is almost never, during their summer stay, that they are seen outside that rather narrow domain. It is a marked attribute of many of our summer immigrants that, between their great travels across the ocean, they occupy the most limited of stations. The willow wren has its special corner of the lane, and day after day can be seen sitting and singing on the same arch of blackberry bramble. The spotted flycatcher haunts, more or less, one perch, whence it makes its dashes at passing insects. The redstart covers rather more ground, because it has a nesting centre and, for prudential purposes, a separate hunting centre somewhat removed. But its daily attendance in the same hunting centre is one of the most constant phenomena of summer. Most of these have skulking habits, exercising the wing so little that you cannot help thinking that, if you got one of them in the middle of a forty-acre field, you would be able to run it down. Surely it would never manage to fly the whole way to the nearest hedge. Yet these are the birds that, without the public practices that the storks, for instance, take daily for weeks before departure, fly through half the longitude of the globe for their winter holiday and their summer resting.

To aid it in its creeping habits, the cuckoo's mate is pencilled in the most marvellous way into an invisibility that no one color could give it. Of course, it is a wonderful scheme of protective coloring, and, in a general way, we can see or feel how generations of selection brought it about. But how, in the first place, does the body of the bird achieve and keep constant so intricate a pattern? Says Mr. Pycraft, in his latest book on the "History of Birds," in considering the lines on an individual feather: "These lines are not continuous, not organically complete, but formed by the exact relation, one to another, of a series of minute spots of pigment each lodged in a separate filament, so that the several spots in each separate filament, when ranged side by side, form the several series of lines, straight or vermiculated, as the case may be."

It is comparatively easy to understand a bird getting blacker and blacker, or greener and greener, all over, in response to the double call of the influence and the needs of the environment, but not nearly so easy to imagine how, when the delicate veinings of decayed and cracking wood are to be imitated, determination is come to as to which part of which feather shall represent crack and which the grey of the smooth surface. The dot on any given filament could, obviously, form part of a longitudinal or a transverse strip, of a complete circle or square, of a concave or a convex design. When a

striped bird becomes a barred bird, as undoubtedly has happened now and then, perhaps some pivotal dot remains, and the stripe gradually swings on it to form a bar. More likely, the stripes break up into dots by the breaking in of horizontal lines across the vertical, and then the dots join up by the sides. It is a process that takes ages. Our wryneck no doubt saved a few million years by taking the shortest cut from some ancestral family plumage. There is a good deal of incipient mottling among the woodpeckers that seems to lead the way to this unique poker-work. The lesser spotted woodpecker comes the nearest, and makes us almost regret that the wryneck could not have retained the family red crest. That touch of gaudiness, however, would have defeated the whole plan. A humble bird is our cuckoo's mate, and must therefore go humbly clad.

The Drama.

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY

ONE day last week the "Daily Chronicle" came out with the following headlines on its middle page:—

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

BETTER DONE IN GERMANY THAN IN ENGLAND.

The date of this announcement was April 1st; but that was probably a mere coincidence. It was the Berlin Correspondent of the "Chronicle" who sent the momentous intelligence; and he proceeded to give a good many facts which proved, at any rate, the frequency, if not the excellence, of Shakespearean performances in Germany.

"At the Berlin Deutsches Theater" (he said) "the manager of which, Professor Max Reinhardt, is the well-known German authority on Shakespeare, hardly a week passes without at least one of the tragedies being staged, and sometimes the week's programme contains as many as two or three of Shakespeare's plays. . . . The staging, also, is much more effective than in many London theatres."

For the rest, the writer showed that not in Berlin and not in North Germany alone, but in Stuttgart, Munich—and he might have added Vienna—the name of Shakespeare is constantly in the bills. He fairly holds his own, indeed, not only against Schiller and Goethe, but against two more modern and more formidable rivals—Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw.

It is a very old story, this German annexation of Shakespeare. In the field of Shakespearean scholarship, we all know that we have much cause to be grateful to the Fatherland, while at the same time our gratitude is subject to not inconsiderable deductions. (By the way, I was amazed to learn, the other day, that some German Shakespeareologists interpret the documents recently discovered by Professor Wallace as a new scandal about Shakespeare, showing how he got rid of a discarded mistress! The perverted ingenuity of such an interpretation positively takes one's breath away.) It is certain that, both in the study and on the stage, the German nation has taken the utmost pains to appropriate Shakespeare and make him what may perhaps be called a Pan-German classic. Nor is it doubtful that he has, as a matter of fact, passed into the fibre of the German mind, to a degree elsewhere unparalleled in literary history. Never has any author—or at all events any dramatist—been so absorbed and assimilated by a people whose language was not his own. But while so much is manifest, the overwhelming merit of Shakespearean performances on the German stage is a somewhat different matter. The "Chronicle's" headline, "Better done in Germany than in England," expresses a very general belief in both countries—almost as general here as there—but, like most general beliefs, it requires careful examination. Though I am far from saying that it is an absurd opinion, I think we must take it with some reserve.

Even as regards the mere quantity of Shakespearean acting, it is not literally true that Germany is ahead

of England. Some ten years ago, on investigating this matter closely, I found that considerably more performances of Shakespeare were at that time given in the United Kingdom than in Germany and Austria; and it is probable that this relation is still maintained. We do not realise how constantly Mr. Benson's company, and minor organisations formed more or less on the same model, are carrying the pure milk of the Shakespearean word up and down the lanes and alleys of theatre-land. On the other hand, it is certain that the leading theatres of Germany give far more time and thought to Shakespeare than the leading theatres of Great Britain. The reason is a very sufficient one: namely, that under our execrable touring system, there are no leading theatres in Britain, except five or six London houses. Every "Residenz" and every great commercial centre in Germany has either its Court or its Town Theatre, with its permanent company; and in the repertory of every one of these theatres Shakespeare holds a prominent place. But are the performances, as a rule, extremely good? Speaking from (perhaps inadequate) observation at sundry times and places, I should be inclined to put them down as respectable rather than brilliant. No doubt the great actors of the past or passing generation gave brilliant renderings of individual parts; but the average performance, at the average Court theatre, was, and still is, apt to be a trifle conventional and stodgy. Within the past ten years I have seen Shakespearean productions at famous German theatres which reminded me of the English productions of thirty or forty years ago—of the interregnum between Macready and Irving. In some ways these performances would be more competent than second-rate English performances; but the advantage was not all on one side, nor was it so great as to justify any dogmatic assertion of general superiority on the part of the German actors. The Meiningen "Julius Cæsar," no doubt, was the most superb all-round presentation of a Shakespearean play that I ever saw; but then it was as unique and unrivalled in Germany as in England.

Since the break-up of the Meiningen Company, the Deutsches Theater, cited by the "Chronicle," correspondent, has stepped into the leading place among German Shakespearean theatres. The revivals given under the management of Professor Max Reinhardt are, indeed, extremely original and interesting; but they, again, are exceptional, not typical. They mark a reaction against the conventionality and stodginess which are elsewhere so prevalent. Even these revivals are not in all respects to be held up as models to English managers. They are open to criticism at many points; they are not exempt from eccentricity, or from what we should call defects of taste. But there is always an inventive mind inspiring and informing them. They well deserve to be known to the English public, and the manager who should arrange to bring over Herr Reinhardt's company might very likely repeat the success which Sir Augustus Harris made with the Meiningen.

I have seen three Shakespearean productions at the Deutsches Theater: "A Winter's Tale" some years ago, "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" the other day. "The Winter's Tale" was perhaps the most uniformly well inspired of the three. One or two of the parts were brilliantly filled, and all ably; while the mounting was most original and happy. In the scenes in the palace of Leontes, a leaf had been taken from Mr. Gordon Craig's book, and the architecture indicated, not by solid constructions, but by the skilful suggestion of soaring lines and vast spaces, attained by the simplest means. The pastoral act, on the other hand, was treated as a fantastic scherzo in the middle of these adagio and andante passages. The scene was like a page from a child's picture-book. The shepherd's cottage crowned a hillock of green velvet grass spangled with conventional flowers; and over the crest of the knoll a little cluster of masts, with quaint and gaudy pennons, indicated the nearness of the sea. The action of the scene was kept in the same key of

child-like "festivitas." I am sure the London public would have fallen in love with it. The keynote of "Romeo and Juliet," both in mounting and acting, was summer in the air and in the blood. Full use was made of the resources of the "Drehbühne" or revolving stage, and the action moved with admirable rapidity through the narrow "calles" and little three-cornered piazzas of medieval Verona. The Juliet (Frl. Eibenschütz) was, I take it, actually a girl, and the Romeo (Herr Moissi) was little more than a boy. Anything more poetical and beautiful than their first kiss in the ball-room scene it would be hard to imagine. Unfortunately they spoil it immediately after; but the moment was exquisite. Herr Moissi was, on the whole, too apt to confound youthfulness with vociferousness, and Frl. Eibenschütz proved rather too inexperienced to bear the weight of the Potion Scene; but their Balcony Scene was quite the most beautiful I ever saw, and their parting was well imagined, though the details of Juliet's bedchamber were paraded more than my British prudery could deem essential.

Much more peculiar, but scarcely so successful, was the treatment of "The Taming of the Shrew." The archaeological conception on which it was founded was, in my opinion, false, and that may have begot in me a captious frame of mind; but, archaeology apart, I could not even find it artistically justified. Christopher Sly, most amusingly played by Herr Wassmann, is put to bed in the great hall of the Lord's castle, one of the most admirable pieces of architecture ever placed on the stage. Here the scene of his awakening takes place; and here the whole action of the play within a play is made to pass. When it is about to begin, the Tinker, the Lord, and the attendants step down into what is in fact the orchestra, representing for the nonce some incomprehensible pit or chasm in the floor of the hall, from which they are supposed to witness the performance. This did not seem a happy idea; but it mattered little. What did matter was the conception of "The Taming of the Shrew" as a violent, knock-about, acrobatic farce, carried through from first to last—quite deliberately—in the spirit of a harlequinade. The moment the hall was cleared of the persons of the Induction, the players came bustling in, carrying a number of rudely-painted screens, which they planted about the floor to serve as scenery. These they shifted about to indicate changes of place, never attempting to "make their flats jine," but indulging the while in all sorts of antics and tomfoolery, like Mr. Merriman at the circus. Absence of illusion was their deliberate aim; for instance, where a "practicable" upper window was required, they were careful that we should see the step-ladder by which the Shrew or the Pedant mounted to it. In other words, their object was to show an extremely primitive form of representation: which might have been very instructive had it not flatly contradicted all that we know of the customs of the period, when strollers certainly did not carry around with them a stock of painted scenes, however rude. And the performance was all of a piece—a long sequence of hustling horseplay rattled through at a hand gallop. Petruchio and Grumio made their first entrance turning somersaults. During the first scene between Petruchio and Katharine, five or six of the other characters, eager to overhear, all crowded into a narrow doorway, until, at a given moment, the dam burst, so to speak, and they all came tumbling heels over heads down the stage. When Petruchio came to marry Katharine, he appeared on a gigantic and grotesque hobby-horse; and on this steed he bore her triumphantly away. These are only a few characteristic touches out of scores and hundreds. The idea obviously was that in sentimentalising such a farce as "The Taming of the Shrew" we de-Elizabethanise it; and for this idea there is much to be said. But it is impossible to suppose that Shakespeare's actors carried horseplay to such an excess, or persevered in it through a whole performance. There are passages in the text which utterly conflict with such a notion. And even if it could be maintained from the antiquarian point of view, I fear it would have to be admitted that

few modern audiences could endure without weariness five acts of unrelieved tomfoolery.

On the whole, then, I should scarcely recommend Herr Reinhardt, when he comes to London, to place "Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung" in the forefront of his battle. Yet, even if we regard this production as a mistake, we cannot but admit that it is a brilliant and daring one. Herr Reinhardt's whole method of staging—in which, by the way, he calls in the aid of some of the ablest German artists—is full of vitality, and would, I have little doubt, not only interest the theatrical specialist, but please the general public. He must one day give London a taste of his quality—so much is certain. Here is an idea for the managers who have combined in organising the London Shakespeare Festival now in progress at His Majesty's—a movement, by the way, which seems to me excellently inspired and full of promise. Why should they not, next season, invite Herr Reinhardt to join their federation, and make of the Festival an act of international homage to the supreme dramatist of the Teutonic race? Such a manifestation of comradeship and generous rivalry in art would form a salutary contrast and corrective to the bitterly ungenerous rivalries for which both nations are paying so dearly.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Present-Day Problems.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY REFORM PROPOSALS.

I.

On February 28th, the Council of the Senate of Cambridge University published the first instalment of its long-expected proposals of reform. The discussion of them is fixed to begin on April 28th, and then the vote will be taken, so that Cambridge this May Term may expect scenes as lively as those which marked the decisions on Titular Degrees for Women, and Compulsory Greek in the Little-Go.

Amid the clash of rival legislative Houses, and with the prospect of another General Election in the near future, there is danger that the constitutional struggle in the little University world may go unheeded by the great world outside. That would be a grave misfortune. The organisation of a national system of education—elementary, secondary, and university—though not complete, has got so far that the final part of it—university education—is ripe for handling. To delay to handle it is to inflict a continuous injury on one of the highest interests of the nation. Let me beg the attention of all earnest Liberals to the neglected question of University reform.

If the task just indicated is to be rightly accomplished (and it will tax the highest resources of our statesmanship), the friends of national education must have clear ideas of what needs to be done. Our two ancient Universities have been defined as unreformed corporations of unreformed corporations, and as no corporation is believed ever to have reformed itself, the prospect of getting Cambridge University, a group of eighteen corporations, to reform itself looks hopeless indeed. In the end there must be outside pressure, and it is all-important that this pressure, when it comes, should be rightly and wisely applied.

What, then, is the problem of University reform stated in its simplest form? It is to utilise to the full the existing resources of Oxford and Cambridge in men, money, and equipment, and to make the education there given the complement and coping-stone of the rest of our national system. To do this it is necessary to co-ordinate the work of the Universities and their constituent colleges, and to direct that work on right lines.

No one denies that there is an immense amount of good work being done at Cambridge and by Cambridge. The Cambridge teachers rank with the best in the world. The number of subjects taught is great—much greater

than the outside public has any idea of—and it is constantly being added to. Research is continually going on in the oldest, the newest, and all the intermediate branches of study, and knowledge is being increased in a bewildering variety of directions. New endowments come flowing in, and new posts are created, and new buildings keep springing up. But with all this show of activity there is a lamentable want of organisation. Speaking broadly, the University goes its own way, and the colleges go theirs, each of the seventeen being really a little University in itself, giving higher education on its own account, knowing very little and caring very little about what its sixteen fellow-corporations are doing. True, there are some attempts at co-operation, but they are, for the most part, voluntary, and without sanction to enforce them. They serve to show how exceedingly good more co-operation would be, and that is about all.

In the absence of a clearly-conceived system, there are numerous abuses. Men at Cambridge are paid salaries, many of them considerable, for doing nothing, and an attempt is made to adjust the balance by giving beggarly pittance to some of the most learned and skilful teachers in existence. Students, so-called, are allowed to enter, to remain, and to depart, in a state of pitiful and abject ignorance, while many are kept outside who could profit by a University career, but are debarred from it, either by its excessive expense, or by the antiquated course of preparation which the University still insists on. Other defects might be enumerated, but these will suffice. University reform, then, is primarily a problem of organisation. Cambridge must aim at making its course as cheap as possible, so that it may be freely accessible to all who can profit by it, and it must so arrange its teaching that all the highest forms of school education lead naturally and easily up to it.

The Council of the Senate has divided the problem before it into two parts: (1) The Constitution and Government of the University, and (2) the Relations of the Colleges to the University and to one another. Right answers to these parts mean the solution of the whole question.

The recently issued Report deals with Part I. The other, and far more thorny, part is held over for the present. As all the colleges are jealous to the last degree of their rights and independence, it will be a most difficult undertaking to reconcile so many conflicting interests, and to unite the various bodies concerned into one well-ordered whole.

To be able to judge of the present proposals, the would-be reformer must first master the existing constitution of the University. He must learn what may be called the four first things: (1) The Chancellor (including his visible representative, the Vice-Chancellor), (2) the Council of the Senate, (3) the Electoral Roll, and (4) the Senate.

The King of the University of Cambridge is the Chancellor, dwelling apart and remote, the arbiter in cases of grave dispute. His visible representative, and the working Head of the University, is the Vice-Chancellor, elected from among the heads of the colleges, and serving for two years.

The Council of the Senate is the Cabinet. It consists of the Vice-Chancellor and sixteen other members—four Heads of Colleges, four Professors, and eight ordinary members of the Senate.

The Electoral Roll is the House of Commons. It consists mainly of all M.A.'s, or persons of a higher degree, who live within three miles of Gt. St. Mary's Church. Of these there are nearly 700. This is the working legislative body of the University.

The Senate is the whole body of electors. It is made up of all the resident and non-resident M.A.'s. These number about 7,000. They elect two members of Parliament, and have a vote on practically all University matters. This they give only on special occasions, like those already mentioned (Degrees for Women and Compulsory Greek): but there they are, ready at any moment to act as a final Court of Appeal under a system of Referendum, voting a simple Yes or No.

The Council has begun with the reform of the Senate. The common-sense outsider would probably give up at once the idea of making 7,000 persons scattered all over the habitable globe the deciding body in the delicate and complicated work of University education. He would instinctively look to the men on the spot, to those engaged in actual teaching or administration, either in the University or the colleges, to direct that which they, and they alone, can be fully acquainted with. My own personal conviction is that nothing can be made of the Senate as a governing body. But the Council thinks otherwise, and their proposals must accordingly be considered.

The Council, at the very beginning of its labors, was confronted with the difficulty that the 7,000 M.A.'s above-mentioned are by no means representative of those who have taken a degree. As its report put it, "The occasion of the proposals dealing with the composition of the Senate is the fact that a large number of graduates remove their names from the Books when they have taken their first or second degree. The Senate is, in consequence, far from including all the graduate members of the University, and, in the opinion of the Council, the University suffers by the loss of connection with its past members." In 1909 over 800 men took the B.A. degree, while only about 320 took their M.A. Here is an immense leakage. The reason is that the M.A. has no market value for many classes of persons, such as barristers, solicitors, Civil servants, engineers. The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., is only a B.A. Clergymen and teachers find the M.A. worth having, but not many others.

The remedy proposed by the Council is to cheapen the B.A. and M.A. degrees to £1 apiece (they now cost £7 and £12 respectively), and to recoup the loss out of extra fees and dues to be paid by the long-suffering undergraduates. An undergraduate now pays 30s. a year (10s. a term) capitation fee to the University. The proposal is to charge him £6 6s. a year instead of 30s. This is a most mischievous alteration, and it is only fair to add that a strong minority of the Council is opposed to it. An undergraduate, as it is, is harassed by all sorts of exactions. The University charges him £3 15s. examination fee for the Little-Go, and £5 for Matriculation, which is merely an entrance fee, and there is the capitation tax just mentioned. Then his college takes its turn at him. A college bill lies before me. There is admission fee £2. That is paid once only. Next there is steward's fee £5. This recurs every term. Of the £5 the college takes £4 10s., or £13 10s. a year, the 30s. being paid over as capitation tax to the University. Trinity College raises over £16,000 a year from dues of members, undergraduate and graduate—a fine endowment in itself. Any addition to the existing charges means a heavier burden on the already over-weighted student, and tends to prevent poor men coming to the University. If the public knew what was going on, it would assuredly protest. Let the Council take its courage in both hands and give up the reform of the Senate as hopeless. The remaining proposals of the Council will form the subject of a second article.

A. I. TILLYARD.

Letters to the Editor.

THE COLONIAL ATTITUDE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "Manitoba Free Press," the most representative newspaper in Western Canada, makes (March 18th) the following commentary upon Lord Curzon's assertion that our Colonies respect the House of Lords more than the House of Commons:—

"If the continuance of the House of Lords as a hereditary chamber depended upon the opinion of the people of Canada and the other overseas democracies of the Empire, the House of Lords would disappear with a suddenness that would be terrifically shocking to Lord Curzon and those who share his views in Great Britain.

"Lord Curzon and those in Great Britain who think as he thinks can only conceive of the Empire as an institution existing by and for the maintenance of aristocratic and military caste and fust and feathers. That is what the Empire means to them. But that is not at all what the Empire means to the Colonies, so-called, whose Imperialism is the Imperialism of democracy. They are democratic to the core, and hostile to the Curzonian conception of caste as a sacred essential to the continuance of the Empire. The main essential to the continuance of the Empire is that Great Britain shall become more democratic in its governmental system; for the Empire can continue and grow in strength and solidarity only as a confederation of democracies."—Yours, &c.,

COLONIAL.

April 6th, 1910.

LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Perhaps you will grant me space to say a few words in reply to Mr. Munro's letter on this subject. Mr. Munro cannot view this subject from the standpoint of the Kirkcaldy Burghs—the Mecca of Scottish Radicalism—any more than I can from the strong Radicalism of Edinburgh. We have to work at the problem from the standpoint: what is the policy that will enable the Government not only to hold their present seats but to gain others and thus strengthen their position? I adhere to my belief that *Veto plus* an elected Second Chamber is the safest and surest ground to fight on.

I cannot accept Mr. Munro's view regarding what the last election in Scotland was fought on. I spoke at a large number of places on the East of Scotland, and I would bracket for the first place the Budget and the *Veto* proposals, second Free Trade. The Budget was very prominent because the land question was discussed from the land clauses in the Budget. For the Government not to get through the Budget would be a severe defeat.

He says, however, something still more extraordinary when he says reform of the House of Lords has never held a place in the Liberal Party's programme. Well, since I was a schoolboy viewing the 1884 Franchise demonstration in Edinburgh, I have never failed to hear and see it at Liberal demonstrations and meetings. Further, I never understood Mr. Asquith or any other Liberal leader was committed to *Veto* only, but to *Veto* as the first step.

I favor Sir E. Grey's policy, not because I have any sympathy with Liberal Imperialism, but simply as a House of Commons man. I think a Second Chamber is essential to its efficiency. The *Veto* only policy is defended on grounds that are "slim" in character and on arguments distinctly Jesuitical. I think *Veto* without reform would bring the House of Commons into disrepute because the House is at present overburdened with work, and, if it became the effective Chamber for all legislation, closure would not be resorted to, and a greater care would have to be exercised over all legislation. It would mean the abolition of the private member's Bill, as the Government would require all the time. It would mean an increase of Conservatives in the House, as non-party electors would not vote for advanced politicians. The House would suffer the loss of that freedom of thought that is one of its glories. The *Veto* only has another objection you have never faced, and which Mr. Munro has not faced squarely and well. A Tory Government could easily overthrow the *Veto* resolutions and reconstitute the House of Lords on a firmer basis. I wish the Liberal Party to reconstitute the House of Lords so that it will be a check on Tory misrule when Liberalism is in a minority in Parliament. Lastly, as a humble "tub thumper" at Election times I think *Veto plus* reform is a much stronger position to argue on. As for shorter Parliaments, the thought of them should be enough for workers on either side.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. HOGGE.

5, Hartington Place, Edinburgh,
April 5th, 1910.

THE POLITICAL POSITION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, the Rev. Joshua Brookes, in balancing the policies of reform of the Upper Chamber on

the one hand and of limiting its veto on the other, credits the former with the advantage of probable immutability at the hands of a succeeding Tory Government. This may be so when once something definite has been achieved, but the question surely is which ought to come first.

It seems clear that the task of a Constitution maker is to decide what shall be the functions of a new Chamber before he contemplates with any finality its composition. Further, it should be realised that the policy of limiting the *Veto* is, in fact, one of destruction, while that of reform is one of construction, and it is a commonplace that combination of forces is easier in matters of destruction than in matters of construction. There are but few ways of demolishing a house, many are the plans for its rebuilding.

It will always be the fate of the Progressive forces to have many more or less loyal brigades face to face with the homogeneous phalanx of the devotees of the *status quo*. It is a wonder we get along as well as we do.

May one express a pious hope that, whatever course is finally adopted in dealing with this worn-out relic of feudalism, argument will not give place to abuse and that one prominent member of the Cabinet will realise that as in Association Football, so in political strife, it is better and wiser far to go for the ball and not for the man. However predisposed he may be towards one political faction, the silent voter—and he, after all, is on the average an educated man—loathes gallery play and believes in what he thinks is fair.

Much as we dislike it, it seems to me that those of us who share advanced Liberal views are forced to admit that the verdict of political history is that it is the moderate man who wins.—Yours, &c.,

B. C.-H.

'12, Park Road, Richmond, S.W.
April 2nd, 1910.

IRELAND AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Davey produces one plausible argument to show that Mr. Lloyd George is not over-taxing Ireland in putting a burden of nearly £10,000,000 on her shoulders, though she was admittedly only fit to bear a little over £5,000,000 fifteen years ago. The new Budget, he declares, is, at least, a step towards restitution. "In 1908-9," he writes, "the amount of Imperial taxation levied in Ireland was £9,250,000, of which only £583,000 went to Imperial services, the balance being spent in Ireland. Under the present Budget, Ireland's contribution was raised to £9,785,000, while she received £11,300,000."

Of course, as Mr. Davey ought to know, Ireland received nothing of the sort. She received those eleven million pounds just about as much as Socrates received the salary of the gaoler who brought him the hemlock. It would be nearer the truth to say that a part of the money she did receive—the money for Old Age Pensions and education, for example—but that the rest is no more "Irish expenditure," in any decent sense of the words, than the cost of Scotland Yard is "Irish expenditure." It is in the Imperial interests, not in the interests of Ireland, that a wildly-extravagant police system and judicial system and Dublin Castle, with forty odd boards under its maleficent eye, are maintained. Ireland "receives" these things, indeed, as Finland will, no doubt, shortly receive similar Imperial gifts from Russia.

Mr. Childers, the first chairman of the Financial Relations Commission, showed that the framers of the Act of Union clearly intended that "all expenditure—including no less than upon civil government in Ireland than that upon the Army and Navy—should be in common, or Imperial." In other words, the talk about "Irish expenditure," as contrasted with "Imperial expenditure," is as unsound as it is misleading:—

"It was never intended," he added, "that the ratio of contribution or the extent of the exemptions and abatements (as the case might be) should be affected by considerations of the relative cost of administration of the three kingdoms. While legislative and fiscal union of the kingdoms remains, this way of treating the matter must hold good."

Clearly, then, the argument that Ireland is not treated so badly after all, because, even if she is over-taxed, she is still more expensively over-administered, has no basis either in law or in equity.

It was Mr. Goschen, I believe, who first divided expenditure into, on the one hand, "Imperial," and, on the other hand, "English," "Scotch," and "Irish." Since then, the Treasury has quietly gone on setting down all sorts of Imperial expenditure as "Irish"; and in this way many honest people have been deceived into thinking that Ireland is a naturally poor country which "receives" millions of pounds every year from her richer neighbor. This is not a mere opinion of my own: it has been confessed by the Treasury itself. Sir Edward Hamilton, who represented the Treasury before the Financial Relations Commission, admitted: "It has never been disputed, I think, that part of the police charge in Ireland may be considered an 'Imperial' charge," and he further declared: "I think it would be fair to transfer £600,000 of the charge from the 'Irish' to the 'Imperial' column." But the transference has never been made—not to the extent of a penny. This is an excellent example of how the Treasury keeps the accounts so as to make it appear that under Budget after Budget Ireland is treated tolerably well.

The chief reason, of course, why Irish Home Rulers like Mr. Davey must have these unpleasant things thrust upon their attention is that, if a bankrupting Budget is allowed to go its way without protest now, similar bankrupting financial arrangements are likely to be introduced into whatever Home Rule Bill is to come after.

By the way, I do not understand how Mr. Davey arrived at his conclusion that the Budget reduces Ireland's share of the total taxation of the United Kingdoms "from something over 6 per cent. to 4·2 per cent." If Ireland's contribution to the revenue is nearly £10,000,000, and the total revenue of the United Kingdoms is about £160,000,000 in all, then Ireland is paying almost a sixteenth (6 per cent.) of the total revenue and almost a fifteenth of the amount contributed by Great Britain. But, according to the Financial Relations Commission, whose report was issued during a period of far lower taxation than at present, she should only be paying one-twentieth of the latter amount, or about two and a half millions less than she is actually paying. "Is this plunder?" No, of course, not.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT LYND.

April 4th, 1910.

A PERVERSION OF JUSTICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article in last week's *NATION* called "A Perversion of Justice" sets one thinking. It is true that in this generation even the plain man has come to understand Euripides, and derides the elder critics who called him woman-hater. We no longer accept his Jasons and Admetuses at their own valuation, and have learned to read between the lines and to know him doing battle with the conventional standards of his day. Yet now that Mr. Granville Barker has given us in the "Madras House" a play conceived in the same vein, the critics and the public that they lead, repeating history, have made the same mistake, and with infinitely less excuse. To the average Athenian, was it unnatural that Jason should rid himself of the encumbrance of Medea before forming a desirable connection with the royal family, and did he not deal with her in a very gentlemanly way by proposing an ample provision for her needs? Why then should he listen to the ravings of a barbarian woman who had no sense of the priceless benefit of contact with the higher life of Hellas and who talked nonsense about the narrow outlook of a woman's life that drives her in upon herself, while her husband has the larger world of work and comradeship? And was it not a fit and proper thing for Admetus to accept his young wife's sacrifice, though it is true he had a grudge against Fate because, to save his own life, he must lose a wife he loved? In such a case one could not, of course, take seriously the judgment of a serving-maid and serving-man. Besides, had not Euripides put their own thought in the mouth of Iphigenia, who, at the very moment of her glorious young martyrdom, cries "Better ten thousand women perish than one man"? What could be more plain? But Mr. Barker has not left his audience to disentangle his meaning for itself, nor put his own thoughts on the lips of the rejected and despised. He has crossed the T's and dotted the I's by giving us Philip as a commentary. To some of his hearers

it seems conceivable that the Mohammedan's ideal is Mr. Barker's contribution to the woman question, to others that he sets up his women types before us for the sheer joy of knocking them down. But is this so? Philip has no more sympathy with the screened and sheltered life that would reserve women for the mere adornment of a husband's home than he has with the exploiting of them, body and soul, in the interest of business. He stands almost as far aloof from Mr. Huxtable as from his father and from Mr. State. He knows, as Medea knew, the waste and bitterness of their cramped lives, and he knows that the promise that the future holds lies in the better understanding of true comradeship of men and women. He tells us this and yet the critics do not see.—Yours, &c.,

JANET CASE.

5, Windmill Hill, Hampstead,
April 4th, 1910.

THE MADRAS HOUSE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I think it is right that a protest which has arisen in other quarters against the treatment of Mr. Granville Barker's play, "The Madras House," by the critics, should not be absent from your columns; and as one who feels strongly on the subject I take the liberty of addressing you. The play has been acted at every performance before small but enthusiastic houses. Small, because the Press has been so remarkably misleading, enthusiastic, because the play is remarkably good. The attitude of the critics to the Repertory Theatre as a whole has been grudging and perverse, but only in the case of the "Madras House" has their onslaught been so savage as to defeat itself and to arouse a very general feeling that a protest should be made. That the play is a fine comedy of great humor and insight is apparent from the fact that it was first abused as a splenetic and personal outbreak against women, and is now being commended by champions of the sex as a valuable manifesto in favor of their movement. There are possibly some who can hold a truce for a time with their opinions and take it as pure comedy, illuminating more than one side of a great question with an insight almost cruel and a humor both subtle and creative. It is objected to plays of this kind that they are "mere discussion." But surely there is or can be more than one dramatic method. We have here the pursuit of an idea, we have it examined from many points of view, and revealed in situations irresistibly comic. It leads us engrossed from act to act, and it ends in a sort of denouement when an optimistic solution which has been called "big" and "magnificent" is sketched out. The optimism is undoubtedly there, but is such as to temper rather than subdue the rare and delicious cynicism of the whole. It is a cynicism not, however, unavailing, and those who have the interests of women at heart could not do better than see to its revival in future programmes of the Repertory Theatre.—Yours, &c.,

A. B. CREIGHTON

35, Campden Hill Road,
March 31st, 1910.

THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Government seek to make the House of Lords impotent as a condition of reformation. Ministers would deprive it of the power of sustained rejection of Bills sent to it by the House of Commons, as a first step towards the abolition of its hereditary character. The difficulties in the way are obvious. Is there no easier and better way? Why not leave the constitution of the House of Lords untouched, save in this—that the theoretical right to reject Money Bills be taken from it, and that the Government, and, in the alternative, a certain proportion of the House of Commons, say, two hundred members, shall have the right to take the opinion of the country (whose verdict shall be final) upon certain rejected measures by means of a Referendum. The Lords could offer no convincing objection, for Mr. Balfour has said that their duty is "not to thwart the will of the nation, but to see that its will is really and thoroughly carried out," a statement of its position affirmed in express words by Lord Lansdowne. The Referendum would be the

procedure by which the nation's will could be ascertained beyond the possibility of cavil. Probably the Lords would resist the loss of their constitutional power in connection with Money Bills, but here it is reasonable to assume the country would be with the reformers, and the Referendum would educate the people for the work of self-government. Mr. Asquith's apprehensions are not supported by Swiss experience.—Yours, &c.,

April 4th, 1910.

STRAUSS AND HIS "ELEKTRA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As Mr. Shaw has said his last word in this pleasant little controversy, may I now say mine? I should not like to lose this opportunity of thanking Mr. Shaw for his lucid explanation of the difference between my criticism of Strauss and his of Shakespeare. The thing is now simplicity itself. Artists, it seems, fall into two categories—the "duffers" and the "torchbearers." You can be as rude as you like to the former, but must be very polite to the latter. But how to know which is which? How to know whether we should bless a given artist for a torchbearer or damn him for a duffer? That, also, is simplicity itself: find out on which side Mr. Shaw is, and bless or damn accordingly. "Any fool," as he wisely says, "can scoff; the serious matter is which side you scoff at." The necessity of being on the right side is self-evident; therefore, when in doubt, write or wire to Mr. Shaw. (Telegraphic address: "Infallibility," London.)

"He knows about it all; HE KNOWS; HE KNOWS."

And now, just a word on what he calls his amusing performance of knocking me down with a single touch. He has looked at the passage in "Elektra" to which I drew his attention, and he agrees with me that it is banality itself. But, he says, "strange how these men of genius will pick up a commonplace out of the gutter and take away our breath with it"—instancing Handel. I am sure that on reflection Mr. Shaw will see how confused his thinking is here. What he has in his mind is the way in which a great composer will sometimes take an apparently insignificant germ-theme and work it up into wonderful music; as Beethoven does, for example, with the very plain theme of four bars' length that opens the Eighth Symphony, or the mere G and E flat that form the basis of most of the first movement of the Fifth Symphony. No musician here would dream of quarrelling with the theme itself for being "banal" (which it is not, by the way; it is only modest). It is like the unprepossessing bulb that will some day give us the glory of form and scent and color of the flower. I blush to have to point out to Mr. Shaw that the melody to which I drew his attention is not a theme of this kind at all. It is not a germ-theme; it is a long melodic passage, meant to speak for itself there and then. It is, in fact, intended for a piece of portraiture—Elektra, according to the stage directions, dancing about "like a Mænad." And the objections to it are two—first, that it is a wretchedly cheap melody, such as no other great musician in history has ever written at the height of his career; and, second, that it is hopelessly inappropriate and ineffective as a piece of characterisation. This a Mænad!! It is only Salvation Sal, or Jump-to-Glory-Jane.

But note that Mr. Shaw, in the act of trying to palliate the banality of the theme, admits that it is banal; these great geniuses, he cries, have a way of turning to gold what they pick out of the gutter. So the theme was picked up in the gutter, was it? And the man who makes this incautious admission is the same man who a few weeks ago cursed me by all his false gods for saying that Strauss must have picked it up on a rubbish heap! Or is there some superiority of the gutter over the rubbish-heap that only Mr. Shaw's subtle brain can distinguish? It is as I hinted in a previous letter. The cheap gilding on the button takes Mr. Shaw in; and so he gets furious with those of us who, having fingered the button a hundred times to his once, are more conscious of the impudent brass of which it is really made. Anyhow the fact remains that on the solitary point on which Mr. Shaw has come down from his sublime generalities and deigned to discuss the actual music of "Elektra"—which I have been vainly trying to get him to do all along—

he agrees with me. I have, therefore, every reason to hope that when his knowledge of the score is a little more profound than I suspect it to be at present, he will agree with my indictment of Strauss on the other counts.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

April 5th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Assuming that the *raison d'être* of your correspondence columns is the enlightenment of readers, I have been wondering how far this purpose has been served by the two principals in what we may, by a stretch of politeness, term a discussion upon Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra." My own personal impression is that so far as the correspondence itself is concerned—and limiting that to the contributions of the two principals—results are singularly barren as bearing upon the nominal point at issue. On the other hand, through its very futility the discussion brings out a further point that is, after all, of greater importance, namely—the value or otherwise of much of our modern criticism upon music.

The discussion has, as I understand it, arisen from the fact that Mr. Newman professes to find evidences of a degenerative process in Strauss's later works—notably in the opera "Elektra." For myself, I am quite unable to follow Mr. Newman in this; so that I feel constrained to wonder whether the writer either is not undergoing, or has not already undergone, one of those inexplicable changes of view to which we humans are subject, and of which we have so striking an instance in Felix Weingartner's criticisms of Brahms. In other words, quite apart from the possibility of mere surfeit from an early enthusiasm, is it not possible that Mr. Newman has himself either degenerated or progressed in his critical faculties? For if a composer is liable to these processes, why should we assume the immutability of the critic? We are told about Beethoven's three periods, about Strauss's two or three, whilst the critic who has not discovered evidences of poor Schumann's intellectual gloaming in his later compositions has apparently yet to be born. Surely, then, it is just within the bounds of possibility that a critic also, being supposedly human, may himself ultimately attain the dignity of a second period, if not of a second childhood.

The situation, however, becomes still more complicated when we take temperamental differences into account. For instance, one swears by Bach, another by Beethoven, and a third by Brahms. All are universally acknowledged as great; but the greatest of these is —? Can criticism decide? And yet the differences between individual composers are not necessarily more baffling than are those between the distinctive periods of a single composer's life.

Now, in order, strictly speaking, to circumvent rather than to meet the difficulty, the phrase "Scientific Criticism" has been evolved during comparatively recent times. It sounds imposing certainly—but what does it really amount to? Simply this—that it affords a harbor of refuge, a pretext of infallibility, to the critic. For, strange to say, the term does not apply to the only side of music that admits of an universally definite demonstration, namely the purely technical side, but rather to the intangibilities of aesthetics.

Here, then, in the present discussion, we assuredly have a test case for the practical demonstration of this "Scientific Criticism." Mr. Newman says one thing; Mr. Bernard Shaw directly contradicts him; and neither can convince the other. Now, let us put to ourselves two fair questions. First, if this criticism is unable to bring two intelligent minds to a common basis of understanding, is not the term "scientific" misapplied? Secondly, if the term "scientific" be misapplied, does it not necessarily follow that this criticism is but the self-assertion of temperament under an attempted disguise of dialectics?

By all means let us have investigations and impressions of a composer's creations, together with the mental processes by which they are respectively pursued and arrived at. But, let the whole matter be clearly understood in this light, both by writers and by readers. For at present we have far too many big little men fussing about, note-book in hand, critically scanning the giants of past and present,

and issuing pompous directions as to where they are to be placed.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT McCULLAGH.

Kensington, W.
April 5th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—H. W. M.'s discerning article on "The Elektra as a Play" was no doubt a sufficient answer to the critics of the opera. But even that, it seems to me, did not emphasise enough the important point that it is not Elektra's revenge that is the subject of Strauss's music, but her devotion to her ideal of duty. Strauss makes her stand for us as the type of voluntary, conscious sacrifice of self, in fine contrast with the almost unconscious, Parsifal-like attitude of the savior Orestes. She is the woman seeing, knowing, suffering, but ineffective as Hamlet. He is the man of action, strong, calm, simple, almost blind, not realising the full significance of the deed he has returned to perform, needing the inspiration of her passion to hurry him to the last step. These two stand for the ideal; and for the intensely human we have, on the one hand, the pathetic figure of poor little Chrysothemis, athirst only for the joy of living, forced to face the great problems of destiny, compelled to choose, not between good and evil, but best and second-best, between taking up the cross or living her life; and, on the other hand, Clytemnestra almost too modern, nervy, and hysterical, the wreck of desire.

Von Hoffmannstahl's play, barren of that sense of the mystery of fate which dignifies the classical story, seemed sheer barbarism. It was Strauss's music that brought out new vital elements, in touch with modern life as with the old. And Strauss has made of his orchestra a greater Greek chorus, not Argive senators nor Trojan dames, but the comment of the Eternal, of Life itself. While absolutely at one with the actors on the stage, the orchestra took all the time a broader, nobler tone, exalting, purifying, tenderly criticising the action with an omniscient serenity that supplied pity and hope to the emotions purged by the terror of the drama.—Yours, &c.,

ANNIE J. GREGORY NICHOLSON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw, before he ceased to write about Strauss in order to talk about himself, told us that he found the "Elektra" wholly good because the public applauded it—was "Candida" applauded at first?—and Miss Keeton arrived at the same conclusion because Strauss had a large forehead and no chin! When some critic eulogises the opera on account of its intrinsic musical qualities we may, perhaps, begin to believe that, after all, "there is something in it."

But is not Miss Hollis right in saying that the question is the old one of idealism and realism localised? Strauss's opera bears the same relation to Fidelio as some French canvas to a Raphael. Both the crude painting and the cruder opera offend our aesthetic and spiritual sensibilities, while the only compensation they offer is the dry dread of technique and the gaseous water of sensationalism. We are told that these triumphs of modern invention—I cannot say inspiration—must be applauded because they are faithful and minute transcripts from nature. But the aim of art—especially of music—is not to reflect nature as a mirror, but to complete and perfect what she has begun and imperfectly accomplished.

Nevertheless, we must admit that there are many uncompromising idealists among the admirers of Strauss in his rampant mood. Perhaps an analogy from the sister art will throw light on the cause of this unnatural union. The broad splashes of garish colors on a hoarding will afford as much pleasure to the uncultured mind as the harmonious masses on an artist's canvas. Even colors streaked on a palette—color devoid of form—will give some aesthetic gratification. In like manner, the "shapeless" sound of a thunderclap or of a few vague chords carelessly struck do not leave the musician unmoved, and a whole symphony of sound will tickle the untrained ear as no symphony of music would.

Music is sound that has passed out through the tap of the intellect after having filtered through the soul. In the

"Elektra" we are supplied with copious draughts of an unfiltered fluid from a tap that will not pour properly, with the inevitable result that those who drink a little of it are disgusted with the taste, and those who drink much are poisoned by the ingredients.—Yours, &c.,

L. STANNARD HUNTER.

Glasgow, April 3rd, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for printing the correspondence on the "Elektra" of Strauss, and I think that Strauss and his "Elektra" will benefit. Arising out of the letters of Mr. Shaw, and especially the one in your last issue, I am reminded of the following incident.

Waiting for a train at a country village in Lancashire, I rested in the smoke-room of the nearest hotel. The landlord was being mercilessly taunted by one of his customers for a lapse from moral rectitude with which he openly charged him. The landlord shouted and behaved as a bully generally does, but failed palpably to turn the fiery onslaught of his adversary. I was about to retire from the unpleasant company, but remained, at the request of the landlord, to witness him, as he said, "lay his antagonist flat with a single touch." The taunter redoubled his attack, and the landlord spluttered and roared himself into a rage that presently became inarticulate. There the matter ended.

I am not capable of criticising Strauss or his "Elektra," but I like my own views of fair argument and gentlemanly manners. Mr. Shaw owns to being a bully, and, blustering round the stage, says to the gallery, "See me repeat my amusing performance of 'knocking Mr. Newman down flat with a single touch.'" And then he does not knock him down, which is a very serious thing, after inviting us to stand by and see him do it. It was bad enough that he should write and speak at times in language which was incomprehensible to fairly capable people; but to become a common braggart is a great lapse. He is something of a national asset, and if some friend cannot induce him to be more mannerly, he will cease to be interesting.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM WILLIAMSON.

12, Larpent Avenue, Putney,
April 5th, 1910.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The letter of M. Henri Barral published in your issue of March 26th raises so many important questions that it should not be allowed to pass without notice. As nobody has commented on it in your last issue, I venture to ask you to allow me to do so.

In the first place, M. Barral seems to me to over-estimate the importance of the demand for a State monopoly of education. The recent debate in the Chamber on the education question showed how far State monopoly is from being a question of practical politics. Not only M. Briand, on behalf of the Government, but also M. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialist Party, refused to assent to it, and I see no evidence that the movement in favor of monopoly is gaining ground. It seems, on the contrary, to remain the pious opinion of a minority. It has certainly not yet won the support of all Radicals and Socialists and, as for Protestants, to whom M. Barral attributes a desire for State monopoly, their opinion, so far as I am able to judge, is preponderantly hostile to it. In any case it is not over the question of State monopoly that the present "battle of the schools" (a very mild battle) is being waged, but over the question of neutrality. Personally, I am opposed to State monopoly in present circumstances (though not necessarily in all), but I am not prepared to admit the supposed right of parents to educate or not educate their children as they please. The community has rights, or rather, I should prefer to say, the community has duties towards children as well as their parents; and the children have rights which neither their parents nor the community may infringe. It is at least arguable that one of those rights is the right to a neutral education which aims at enabling them to think for themselves rather than at forming their characters in a particular mould.

M. Barral, in common with the official representatives

of French Catholicism, declares that the education given by the State in France is not neutral, that its aim is to form the children in an irreligious or anti-religious mould. But he gives his whole case away in that paragraph of his letter in which he says, with truth, that many of the most extreme anti-clericals have been educated in schools with a "Catholic atmosphere," while many of the stoutest defenders of the Church have been trained in State institutions. Could there be a better vindication of the genuine neutrality of the public schools or a more severe condemnation of their Catholic competitors? The anti-clericals who come from Catholic schools are, too often, of the fanatical, sectarian type; mere *dérivés retournés*, as narrow and *autoritaires* as their schoolfellows who have remained clericals. On the other hand, the Catholics who have been educated in public schools are the pick of French Catholicism. The two facts alike demonstrate the superiority of "neutral" education. It is precisely because I am convinced that the Catholic schools are responsible in large measure for irreligion and vulgar materialism that I rejoice at their rapidly diminishing influence. From 1850 to 1880 the education of France was almost entirely in the hands of the Church, and the Catholic religion was compulsorily taught in the public elementary schools. Does M. Barral think that the results were very satisfactory from the religious or any other point of view?

If it were true, as M. Barral thinks, that the French episcopate is defending educational neutrality against attempts to mould the character of children in an anti-religious sense, I should be with the French episcopate. I abhor all attempts to mould the character of children. But is it true? Let M. Barral look at the collective manifesto issued by the Bishops last September and he will find that they condemn the very principle of neutrality, which they declare to be incompatible with the teaching of the Church. The Abbé Gayraud, an authorised exponent of the episcopal mind since he was a member of the Commission appointed to examine the school text-books, declared in a speech in the Chamber that Catholics could never be content with any system of education which did not form children in the practice of the Christian faith. And the Abbé Gayraud passes for being more or less liberal in his views. I do not understand a neutral system of education which forms children in the practice of a particular faith.

It is true that the Bishops declare that the public schools are not now neutral, and demand neutrality, in the sense in which they understand the term, as a *pis aller* pending the happy day when they will be able once more to impose a system which forms children, &c. But what do they mean by neutrality? In regard to history they mean, so far as I can gather, that special text-books are to be prepared from which any fact the mention of which can possibly be disagreeable to anyone has been eliminated. As regards science they mean that children must be taught nothing that can suggest to them, for instance, that the first two chapters of Genesis are not literally and historically true. Above all, they mean that the principle of freedom of conscience must not be taught in the public schools.

Their lordships have not yet condescended to inform the Government or the public what particular passages have led to their condemnation of a large number of school text-books, including most of the historical books actually in use. They demand that the Government shall discontinue the use of all these books without venturing to ask for reasons; it is enough that the Church has condemned them. But in various Catholic papers and other publications we have been given a sufficiently large selection of incriminated passages to justify what I have said as to the real meaning of the demand for neutrality. No passages have been more universally denounced by authorised exponents of Catholicism than those of moral text-books in which the right of a man to follow his conscience in religious matters is inculcated; in which it is declared that all religions and all conscientious convictions ought to be respected. In the historical text-books the chief grievances are the mention of bare facts such as the massacre of St. Bartholomew or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Some historians have been denounced because they said that Jeanne d'Arc believed that she saw visions; yet no historian with any regard for truth could say more or less. A Catholic deputy declared in the Chamber that it was an infringement of neutrality to suggest to

children that the world was not created in six days. And so on.

I do not say for a moment that there has never been in the books or the oral teaching of any public school anything to which Catholics could reasonably object. But the law provides means of redress for such cases, to which one Bishop has already successfully resorted. Why are they not resorted to again? If the Bishops really have a strong case, why do they not make to the proper authorities a formal complaint supported by chapter and verse? If they had made such a complaint and had clearly justified it and been refused redress, they would have had on their side a large part of outside public opinion, which is now unanimously against them. Naturally so; for the only conclusion that one can draw from the episcopal action is that the Bishops dare not openly and specifically formulate their real grievance against the public schools, and, for that reason, take refuge in vague generalities. They dare not say that current Catholic teaching cannot be reconciled with the elementary facts of science. They dare not proclaim that Rome has formally condemned the principles of liberty of conscience and religious toleration, and that, therefore, it is contrary to the teaching of the Church to inculcate these principles. They dare not say that any historical fact discreditable to the Church must be suppressed, because the Church, being infallible, cannot admit that she has ever made a mistake, and because, for instance, her persecution of heretics in the past was only the logical application of principles to which she still adheres.

I fear that M. Barral is right in saying that the spirit of the French public schools is difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile with the official teaching of the Roman Church; so, in fact, is the Republic, although M. Barral thinks otherwise, for one cannot reconcile a Republic with theocracy. But it is not because the public schools are not neutral that this is so, but precisely because they are. This being so, France can no more adapt her public schools to the requirements of Rome than she can submit to the dictation of the Papacy in political matters. But I hope and believe that she will not try to hasten by a legal monopoly the inevitable disappearance of clerical schools, which is already coming about by a natural process of elimination.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, April 4th, 1910.

[The "Short Study," "Faith," in our last number was, unfortunately, printed from a rough, uncorrected proof, in which mention is made of a tide-gauge. There was no gauge, and it would have disappeared in the revise. It is not worth while to point out in detail what corrections are necessary. In substance the tale is true.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

MARIE LOUISE.

MARIE LOUISE, by the southern wall,
Has longed for the sun since last leaf-fall;
Now is the hour of her laughing ease,
The spring has come to Marie Louise.

Marie Louise has donned her green,
Her smooth, straight stem has a sunny sheen,
Her young leaves quiver in April's breeze,
All a-ripple is Marie Louise.

Marie Louise is all in flower,
She stands snow-white in a blossom-shower,
About her murmur the thievish bees,
So dainty sweet is Marie Louise.

Marie Louise feels the sun's long kiss,
The birds in her branches pipe their bliss,
The swallows have come from over-seas,
To build in the eaves by Marie Louise.

Marie Louise, in her veil of white,
Is all alive with the spring's delight;
Gayest and gladdest of all glad trees,
The soul of the spring is in Marie Louise.

R. L. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Second Chambers: An Inductive Study in Political Science." By J. A. R. Marriott. (Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)
 "The Life and Times of Aknoton, Pharaoh of Egypt." By A. E. P. Weigall. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Civil War in Dorset (1642-1660)." By A. R. Bayley. (Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great." By John Masefield. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. 6d. net.)
 "The Odes of Horace and Other Verses." By F. L. Latham. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)
 "Famous Blue-Stockings." By Ethel Rolt Wheeler. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Westminster Sermons." By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. (James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Modern Light on Immortality." By Henry Frank. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Fénelon." Par Jules Lemaitre. (Paris: Fayard. 3fr. 50.)
 "La Démocratie et le Travail." Par Gabriel Hanotaux. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)
 "La Politique Navale et la Flotte Française." Par Vice-Amiral Fournier. (Paris: Berger-Levrault. 6fr.)

It has been remarked in several quarters that women writers on literary topics seem to be turning their attention to authors who have hitherto been regarded as possessing a greater attraction for men than for women. Miss G. M. Godden's "Fielding" and Miss Shilleto Smith's "Swift" have been quoted as examples of this tendency. Byron has always appealed, at least, as forcibly to women as to men—Lady Blessington's "Conversations" and Lady Morgan's "Memoirs," to name but two books, are evidence enough—but a biography of the poet written by a woman and from a woman's standpoint is something of an innovation. This has been done by Miss Ethel Coulburn Mayne, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Methuen. Miss Mayne, who is the author of a study of the Countess Guiccioli, came to the conclusion that Byron's life ought to be written by a woman, and her book is an attempt to treat the main events in his career upon bold and independent lines.

SOME sidelights upon Byron may also be expected in Mr. W. P. Courtney's "Eight Friends of the Great," a book announced by Messrs. Constable, which narrates the lives of eight typical personages flourishing in the reigns of the four Georges. One of these friends of the great is Scrope Davies, whom Byron appointed one of the executors of his will of 1811. Scrope Davies is mentioned in Captain Gronow's "Reminiscences" as one of the most daring, and, for a time, one of the most successful gamblers of the Regency period. He won over £6,000 on a single occasion, but finally ruined himself and withdrew to Paris, where he passed the time in writing his recollections, which have, however, never been published. He was a witty companion with "a dry, caustic humor and an irresistible stammer." When Byron left England in 1809, Davies lent him £4,800, which was repaid five years later. Byron thus describes him in his "Journal": "One of the cleverest men I ever knew, in conversation, was Scrope Berdmore Davies. Hobhouse is also very good in that line, though it is of less importance to a man who has other ways of showing his talents than in company. Scrope was always ready, and often witty—Hobhouse was witty, but not always so ready, being more diffident."

ANOTHER character in Mr. Courtney's book is Lydia White, the Miss Diddle of Byron's skit, "The Blues," whose dinners and conversations were famous "in all the capitals of Europe." Miss Berry tells in her "Journal" that, being persuaded by Lord and Lady Byron to accompany them to one of these, never had she seen "a more imposing convocation of ladies arranged in a circle." Lydia White was not a beauty, but showed great skill in the art of "making up," and we are told in "The Literary Life of the Rev. W. Harness" that she underwent all the labor to produce an effect, "not from any vanity or affectation, but from motives of pure benevolence. 'Were I,' she observed, 'to present myself as I naturally am, without any of these artificial adornments, instead of being a source of pleasure, and

perhaps amusement, to my friends, I should plunge them into the profoundest melancholy.'" Mr. Courtney's volume, which promises to be an entertaining excursion among the bypaths of literature and biography, also deals with Bishop Rundle, Philip Metcalfe, John Taylor, Dr. Warner, Lord Webb Seymour, and Lord John Townshend.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE will also issue Miss J. P. Peabody's play, "The Piper," which won the prize awarded by the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, and is to be acted there by Mr. F. R. Benson's company. It is a poetic and symbolic drama on the theme employed by Browning in his "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

AN interesting announcement is that of a biography of the seventh Earl of Elgin, which is being prepared by Sir Harry Wilson, from papers at the Foreign Office or in possession of the present Earl of Elgin at Broomhall. Lord Elgin's name is commonly associated with the famous collection of marbles, and a section of the book dealing with the acquisition, removal, and transfer of these to the nation will be contributed by Mr. A. H. Smith, of the British Museum. But Lord Elgin also played an important part in public life, as he was British representative at Vienna, Brussels, Berlin, and Constantinople, from 1790 to 1803. In the latter year he was arrested and detained in France as a prisoner of war by Napoleon's orders. His correspondence, to be printed for the first time in the coming volume, is said to be of great historical interest.

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS, whose books upon French life and letters are always welcome, is about to issue, through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, a volume bearing the title, "French Men, Women, and Books: A Series of Nineteenth Century Studies." It will contain essays on French Domestic Poetry, French Views of England and the English, Reform in Education, the People's University, Balzac, the New Fiction, and Paul and Victor Marguerite's prose epic, "Une Epoque," the series of four novels—"Le Désastre," "Les Tronçons du Glaive," "Les Braves Gens," and "La Commune"—which deal with the Franco-German war and its results.

AMONG Messrs. Kegan Paul's autumn announcements is "Mendelssohn's South Africa Bibliography," a work which promises to be of great value to students of South African history and politics. Mr. Mendelssohn spent a long term of years in gathering together books, proclamations, maps, engravings, and other documents relating to South Africa, and his collection includes many rare works in Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English, which show the progress of South African exploration from Diaz to Vasco Da Gama, and throw valuable light on the history of the European struggle for the sea route to the East. The "Bibliography," which contains a descriptive Introduction by Mr. J. D. Colvin, had its origin in this collection, but is supplemented by the author's researches in many other libraries.

THE next addition to Mr. Murray's excellent "Wisdom of the East" series will be "The Wisdom of the Apocrypha," edited by Mr. C. E. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence holds that the criticism which has questioned and diminished the value of certain books or chapters in the Old Testament has, by doing so, revived interest in the Apocrypha, and he offers his selections to the general readers as "human documents, reflecting the ideals and the philosophy of Eastern wisdom."

"IRELAND FROM THE UNION TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION" is the title of a book by Mr. D. A. Chart which Messrs. Dent have almost ready for publication. It is chiefly concerned with the social, economic, and administrative conditions prevailing in Ireland during the period, and is based, in part, on unpublished documents in the State Paper Office at Dublin Castle.

ALTHOUGH M. Alfred Capus began his literary career as a novelist and won distinction in that field, he has of late years confined himself to writing for the stage. We learn that he is about to return to fiction, and has almost finished a novel which will first appear as a serial in "L'Illustration."

Reviews.

TWO POETS.*

WILLIAM DAVIES bidding farewell to Poesy? It is not to be thought of. And when we come to peruse the slim book thus ominously entitled, we soon perceive that, indeed, it need not very seriously be thought of. Here are sixty pages of charming and often delicious poetry; and, though the book starts off with the sorrowful line, "Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb!" there is no very clear sign in it of approaching dumbness. Here sounds again that clear, sweet note to which nothing, or very little, in contemporary literature can be likened. The workmanship of these lyrics is still exquisitely simple and unaffected, perfectly mated to their theme, and the theme is still for the most part that ecstatic delight in the out-of-doors world which has inspired Mr. Davies's best work. It is the keenest joy to him to observe, and thence to fasten up in words, some small event in the appearance of earthly nature, something which an ordinary man would call an ordinary event. But to Mr. Davies, there is no great and no small; all is tremendously significant, and all a source of joy. And it is impossible for the reader to escape feeling also both the significance Mr. Davies finds in the affairs of out-of-doors, and the rare joy he takes in them. When Mr. Davies says, addressing a wren:—

"O I could hear your voice near me,
Above the din in that oak tree,
When almost all the twigs on top
Had starlings chattering without stop;"

he is telling us of a notable experience; notable both for himself and for those who read the poem in which those lines are the climax. And here are four lines of momentary glee made perdurable:—

"A month ago, ah, happy me!
I found a pool with no man by;
Which clouds had made so deep to see,
As was the height from earth to sky."

Most of us, no doubt, have felt an unreasoning shock of joy at suddenly coming on a heaven-reflecting pool in summer, and most of us would also, no doubt, dismiss the joy as soon as it flashed into being. But with Mr. Davies, the appearance of the clouds in the water is a thing to be brooded over with delight, as a thing of inestimable value; and thereby he is able to achieve the exquisite phrasing of those last two lines. For one must not be tempted, by easy comparisons with bird-music, into thinking Mr. Davies's poetry artless. It is nothing of the kind. At its very simplest, it always has the effective concision of such lines as:—

"When June, with her abundant leaves and grass,
Makes narrow paths of lanes, and lanes of roads;"

And Mr. Davies will often work up his minute observation into a deliberate conceit:—

"Sometimes I see small cloudlets tow
Big heavy clouds across those skies—
Like little ants that carry off
Dead moths ten times their size."

He is fond of illustrating his thoughts with unexpected similes of quaint truth:—

"I work on small, when great themes fail my mind,
As cats, when they can catch no mice, content
Themselves with flies."

And he does not scruple, being a true poet, to let his imagination improve on the truth, as when he says, like any Elizabethan, that true beggars, "when they behold a man more richly clad," do not "shake with greed, like rats that hear a glutton eat"; which is a wonderful little piece of grim, compressed word-drawing.

But the art for which we are to look in Mr. Davies's poetry is certainly not the kind of art which often entirely usurps the name nowadays—an art of sensuous excitation. There is very little of that in his poems; his sensuous imagery coolly satisfies rather than excites, and as for the direct sensuous appeal of metre, so it be smooth and clear, Mr. Davies does not greatly bother with it. His art is of two main qualities; a knack of seizing into the simplest

words a childlike ecstasy of delight in nature; and an unusual power of suggestive phrasing, suggestive more to intellect than to sense or emotion. When he says:—

"The miser thinks the sun has not one flower
As fair as his gold heap the dark has grown,"

he makes a common thought uncommon by the sheer art of the phrasing. "Flower" against "gold," "sun" against "dark," at once make the brain busy with pictures; but the ultimate suggestion is intellectual. The thought, indeed, has been raised by its artistic handling into morality; who can help perceiving the moral significance here of the word "dark"? The agility of Mr. Davies's mind, seconded by his affection for the older English poets, leads him often into even more conceited writing. Sometimes it is merely pretty, or comes to grief in absurdity, as conceits will do, in lines like:—

"Her lip's red manuscript
She has unrolled and spread,"

which powerfully bring to mind those mythical creatures with lips so expansive that they could be unrolled to act like caps and parasols. But sometimes also, especially in a mood of some solemnity, Mr. Davies can put a familiar thought into a conceit both gnomic and musical, as in this admirable line:—

"An active man can almost break Death's heart."

The frequent note of solemnity, even in the midst of pleasant reflections, is not to be missed in this so-called "Farewell to Poesy." Mr. Davies is certainly not bidding farewell to his muse; but he does seem to be bidding farewell to one of his muse's moods. And that mood is also the one with which his admirers are most familiar. This book doubtless marks a turning-point in his poetic career. The sweet reality of woods and fields is being invaded by another, more potent, reality. In a beautiful lyric of serious sweetness, he says:—

"Death can but play one game with me—
If I do live alone;
He cannot strike me a foul blow
Through a beloved one."

But it seems as if Mr. Davies were coming to perceive that he does not, and, moreover, cannot, "live alone." He begins to feel foul blows struck at him through beloved ones, even though he knows not who the beloved ones are. He who has so sweetly praised the country life for itself, now tries to praise its quietude in this disquieted strain:—

"This life is sweetest; in this wood
I hear no children cry for food;
I see no woman white with care;
No man, with muscles wasting here."

But evidently that is not going to last; not thus will the grimmer reality be shut out:—

"Before me stares a wolfish eye,
Behind me creeps a groan or sigh."

Mr. Davies is not the first poet who has found it impossible to live "housed in a dream, at distance from the kind." If anyone should know the grim features of our civilisation, it is surely Mr. Davies; and if he finds he can no longer "fly from human suffering," but must face it, he will inevitably try to make poetry of it. There will be many to commend the change in him, but many also will regard it with anxiety; poets before now have found that, in abandoning their dreams, they have also abandoned their muse. Undeniably the cry is now for poets who will deal, not with the far reality of legendary or pastoral affairs, but with the close reality of workaday life. A poet is bound to heed that cry, or own himself deaf to the needs of his time; and if, like Wordsworth, he can rebuild the fabric of his early dream on the foundations of the common human actuality, his poetry will be the better, the larger, and the profounder for it. So may it be with Mr. Davies. But if he, with feverish quixotism, means to shatter his pastoral dream altogether, he is setting out for one of art's "perilous passages."

Mr. James Elroy Flecker is a poet, artistically, about as far from Mr. Davies as could be imagined; but he, too, has heard the cry for "modern" poetry—poetry dealing with the circumstance as well as the spirit of twentieth-century civilisation. His verse is broad and plangent where Mr. Davies's is keen and ecstatic, sensuous where Mr. Davies's is intellectual; and Mr. Flecker's housing dream is of ancient passion and legend instead of green fields,

* "Farewell to Poesy, and Other Poems." By William H. Davies. Fiffeld. 1s. net.

"Thirty-six Poems." By James Elroy Flecker. Adelphi Press. 5s. net.

white clouds, and singing birds. But they are alike in this, that they both try to emerge from the dream to wrestle with modern, uncompromising actuality. Mr. Flecker, one might hazard, is not so seized by the terrible qualities of the civilisation he finds himself immersed in; probably, like most sensible persons, he enjoys a good deal of it. But he has not yet managed poetically to enjoy the modern world as much as he enjoys his legendary world; for his art is vastly happier moving among angels, magi, and folk in Bethlehem than among trams, policemen, and folk in bowler hats. This book of "Thirty-six Poems" is a book which no one on the look-out for poetry should miss; for Mr. Flecker has a strict and beautiful art, and one which is thoroughly individual. But the worth of the book is not in those poems which attempt to deal frankly with modern life. Some of these, to be sure, are decidedly clever, especially the more fantastic of them. Mr. Flecker's whimsical irony and neatness of phrasing make "The Ballad of Hampstead Heath," for instance, something very like poetry. But it is the legendary poems which make Mr. Flecker's volume notable, the poems dealing with the story of the Christ—"The Masque of the Magi," "Joseph and Mary," "Mary Magdalen," and "A Miracle of Bethlehem." These are very far from being exercises in conventional themes. Old stories have become new things, and not only new things, but modern things, in Mr. Flecker's treatment of them. Now and then these four poems remind one of William Morris, in their studious simplicity, color, and ingenuous and yet subtle metre; but there is a more questioning thought in Mr. Flecker's little "miracles." The poignant simplicity, again, of "The Town Without a Market," a fine accusation against death, is almost Chaucerian; while there is much evidence of French influence in the book. Mr. Flecker has even managed to translate some Baudelaire. But it is clear to anyone who can analyse his pleasure in poetry that the best stuff in this book is Mr. Flecker's own. And the best is rarely good. There is not likely to be written in our day much poetry more exquisitely wrought than the aforesaid four Gospel poems. To quote a sample is no easy matter, for in Mr. Flecker's work the beauty of the parts is completely dissolved in the beauty of the whole. Perhaps the first two verses of "Joseph and Mary" will do as well as anything:—

"Mary, art thou the little maid,
Who plucked me flowers in Spring?
I know thee not; I feel afraid;
Thou'rt strange this evening.

A sweet and rustic girl I won
What time the woods were green;
No woman with deep eyes that shone,
And the pale brows of a queen."

The wonderful tale has found a new avatar in those two verses; here is a fresh vision of old matters. One can watch Mr. Flecker's experiments in modernity with complete equanimity after reading these poems. He will never utterly forsake his dreams; and, what is more important, he will never fail to make his dreams as modern as London, and all as real.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.*

In his fascinating autobiography, "Up from Slavery," Mr. Washington illustrated what he regards as the true mode of progress for the American negro by telling the story of his own life and work. Here he undertakes the more ambitious task of telling the story of the education and development of his race in slavery and freedom under the conditions of American life. No man is so competent to perform this task. Mr. Washington knows his fellow-negroes through and through. Born on a plantation, he has lived the slave-life; and the bewilderment of the new dazzling light of freedom; the gradual settling down of the emancipated negroes to a life of industry and order under the difficult conditions of the age of reconstruction following the Civil War, the struggle for land, for education, for American citizenship in the full sense of the word, all these events are branded on his memory by personal experience. In his strenuous career as educational leader of his race, he has

kept in close touch with his people all over the United States, he has studied tribal life in West Africa, the original home of the American negro, and is thoroughly acquainted with the West Indies and those countries of South America peopled from African sources.

His earlier chapters are historical and ethnographical, giving some account of the negro in Africa, the character and dimensions of the slave traffic, and the various conditions of Southern slavery. A vivid picture is given of the part played by negroes in working the "Underground Railway," by which fugitive slaves were rescued from the clutches of the "System" in the years before the War. Mr. Washington, however, is no atrocity-monger. He is far less concerned with the grievances than with the practical progress his race has achieved. His more exact information corrects some of the too general notions about slavery. Before the War, the free negroes formed one-tenth of the whole population; in spite of rigorous laws in many States, many slaves were getting education, literary as well as industrial, and the relations between these and the white masters in the "good" plantation life are painted in glowing colors. But everywhere lurked the spirit of unrest and a sense of injustice which the denial of personal liberty was bound to engender in a country like America, where the white man's history was suffused with revolution and the craving for equality. This spirit prompted many able negroes to preach and work and fight for the freedom of their race in the great struggle of the mid-century. Mr. Washington's book is, for the most part, a detailed record of work done by active members of his race in many fields of activity. From the stress laid upon their material success in acquiring land and other property, in the trades and professions, in banking and friendly societies, it might seem that the standard of success taken by the author was too materialistic. But here we encounter the first principles of Mr. Washington's practical philosophy. It is not new; Mr. Samuel Smiles was its powerful exponent in this country. It is the gospel of work. In this sacred cause, Mr. Washington almost condones slavery as necessary to impose the rudiments of industrial habits upon non-industrial men. Emancipation brought great perils to a people untrained in self-control. The steady practice of industry was essential to prevent a slipping back to barbarism. The author gives a striking picture of the eagerness with which the art of reading was cultivated by the newly emancipated negroes, as if therein lay the secret of the white man's power. This over-estimation of spoken and written words seems a peculiar snare to the wakening mind of man. Mr. Washington has devoted his own life to helping to correct it by a more practical education. He rightly judges that, under the conditions of American life, the safest foundation for negro rights is the practical capacity to do useful work for society. Persons who can do things alone get recognition in America. Mr. Washington puts in a great array of solid evidence to show that negroes are doing things. They have, he contends, proved themselves a necessary factor in American life. From the beginning a large share of the work upon the material structure of civilisation, the levelling of forests, making of roads, the cultivation of the soil, has been theirs, and now in the new industrial South, as in the North, they are taking a large part in the mining and manufacturing industries which are growing up. At the same time statistics make it evident that agriculture and personal services are still their main occupations. Mr. Washington admits in his closing chapter that the defects and dangers of the situation are ignored by him. This, indeed, belongs to his method. 'Does the white man deny political rights and even strict civil rights? Let us go our way, using all those industrial, social, and intellectual opportunities that are left open to us. In this way we best strengthen our hold upon our country, force a reluctant admission that we are 'good Americans,' and then gradually extort as concessions what the white man is not just or generous enough to cede as rights.'

Mr. Archer, who among his many gifts possesses a singular capacity for social investigation, sees no satisfactory settlement in this or any other *laissez faire* solution. In a series of vivid but truly representative pictures of the present South, he shows the race antagonism everywhere smarting in the body politic. It is least evident where the old planter life to some extent survives, in the country dis-

* "The Story of the Negro." By Booker T. Washington. Unwin. 2 vols. 10s. net.

"Through Afro-America." By William Archer. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

tricts of Virginia or S. Carolina. But in the towns, where an educated negro class has thriven, there is exasperation rather than abatement of race feeling; in the new industrial South, where negroes are largely employed in mining and in ironworks, new economic conflicts threaten to arise; while Peonism and other forms of servitude spreading over the Black Belt reduce emancipation to a falsehood. Even the sympathy of the North for the negroes as men and citizens has been largely withdrawn, and recent years have shown outbreaks of lynching in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, which indicate a spread of racial animosity. Though Mr. Du Bois's description of the South as "simply an armed camp for intimidating black folk" is a rhetorical exaggeration, it contains deplorable elements of truth. Not merely are the political rights expressed in the Federal Constitution virtually annulled by Southern laws and usages, but justice in the criminal and civil courts in issues between white and black litigants is non-existent. Everywhere there operates an open or tacit conspiracy to deny political and civil equality, and to impede the industrial, educational, and professional progress of the blacks for fear they should make use of these opportunities to claim "social equality." This the Southerner interprets as meaning the demand of black men to marry white women, and he justifies all his repressive measures as essential to safeguard the purity of the white race. Mr. Archer, we think upon insufficient grounds, accepts the view which imputes to the negro race a striving to raise itself by this process of miscegenation. Nor are we convinced that statistical or other evidence sustains the charge of evil sexual propensities by which white Southerners attempt to poison the minds of innocent tourists. Though we do not deny the reality of a physical basis of repugnance in the race and color conflict, it is in our judgment the tradition of race mastery, and the lust of personal power to which it appeals, that is the main ingredient in the trouble. The real animus to-day is not against the ignorant, the brutish, the abject negro who asks no rights, but towards the energetic, honest, aspiring negro who seeks to be "a good American." White hostility is invoked against ex-slaves who do not "know their place," and the charges of an attempt to break the color line are chiefly trumped up to sustain this passion of mastery. No doubt black politicians would claim a "right" of racial intermarriage, and individual negroes might push for the rise in social status which such a marriage might confer. But we have no belief in a collective design, conscious or unconscious, in the negro race to whiten their posterity.

However, it must be conceded that miscegenation is no possible solution, at any rate within such range of time as concerns us. The external opposition of the races is enforced by a growing sense of discord. "No common memories or sentiments hold together the new generations of the two races; they are growing up in unmitigated mutual antipathy." As a practical reformer, Mr. Archer proceeds by elimination of unsound remedies. There is no tendency of the negro race to die out, as other "lower races" do in contact with white "civilisation"; Mr. Washington's policy of establishing confidence and wearing down hostility does not receive support from Mr. Archer's interpretation of forces; miscegenation being impossible and undesirable, there remains only the remedy of emigration. Back to Africa is no practicable policy, but there is plenty of Government land as yet unoccupied in the South-West. A black State might there be formed to which young negroes might be drawn by free offers of land. A gradual and mainly voluntary migration would draw the black population from the South in the course of a generation or two, and their place would be filled by a flow of white labor from the North or from Europe. Mr. Archer argues the case well, but we doubt whether he takes into sufficient account the deep roots the negro race has struck in the Southern States. To those, however, who interest themselves in one of the most difficult practical problems of modern civilisation, we recommend this book as an acute, well-informed, and fair-minded contribution.

AN OXFORD PAGEANT.*

HISTORICAL pageants are the mode, and it is a sort of pageant which Mr. Hulton has ordered for us in this thronged

* "The Clerk of Oxford in Fiction." By Samuel F. Hulton. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

and motley volume. The background never changes. It is always the city of the dreaming spires. But across it there troop a succession of Oxford clerks, from the Canterbury Tales down to the days of the Tractarians. It opens with the ambling of the pilgrims from the Tabard to Canterbury. It closes appropriately enough with a dog-Latin "squib" on the coming of the railway from Didcot to Folly Bridge. In those four centuries and a half lie the Middle Ages—medieval most of all when the persistent slumbers of the University are broken by Reformation or Revolution, or shaken into a rash awakening by the breath of reform and the stirring of academic revolution. It is a continuous voice with an accent that hardly varies, whether it comes from under a cowl or a full-bottomed wig. It wears its fashions lightly, and the essential spirit of English Conservatism takes its ease unhampered by its disguises.

True to his motto from Montaigne, Mr. Hulton has been content to supply the thread for his garland of flowers. His book is a wonderfully complete collection of all the satires and quips which Oxford perpetrated on itself and on the world around it, social, literary, ecclesiastical, and political. The student of social history will find in it valuable material for the study of the evolution of manners, or, rather, perhaps, for watching the immutability of manners and types. The "blood" and the "reading man" are to be found here in the same poses through four various centuries. There is about it all an absurd modernity. Ask why it is that the cloisters of the "House" quadrangle stand unfinished, and you will find your answer in a long rambling versification, where stands on record the prosaic fact that

"The work-folk, for lack of good overseers,
Loitered the time, like false triflers."

Truth to tell, there is nothing mustier than a collection of ephemeral and topical witticisms which have outlived their day. There is a certain rudeness in academic humor, which does not mellow with long keeping. In its satires the University roundly abused all who disturbed its dogmatic slumbers, and its manner in abuse was rarely notable for polish. There is harsh measure for Dean Richard Cox, of Christ Church, who married a wife and troubled a still Papist University in the reign of Edward VI. :—

"Doctor Cokes, with a comb thereto set,
Through fleshly folly caught in the Devil's net."

And it is in much the same strain that a now Protestant Oxford handles the Tractarians;

"There's Newman, wise and simple,
How saintly is his smile!
Alas, beneath each dimple
Lurk treachery and guile."

Here, too, are the records of the boyish pranks of great men. One smiles gently at such lines as these which record the visit of Princess Victoria with the Duchess of Kent to Oxford in 1832 :—

"Rainy dies aderat; decimam strikantibus horam,
Jam clockis, portae panduntur; then what a rush was
Musa velim memores."

The smile broadens into a vast grin as one realises that the perpetrator of this innocent diversion was the formidable Robert Lowe.

It is a steadily reactionary Oxford which Mr. Hulton presents to us in these selections. He skips the Lollards. He buries the Fellows of Magdalen in a shamefaced oblivion. It is in the traditions of Cavalier and Jacobite Oxford that he revels. As expressions of rage and contempt, one must admit that these Cavalier satires are adequate and wholehearted. Their literary merit is not conspicuous. These lines, written in 1659, on the threatened spoliations of the Rump and the Army are typical enough :—

"The Church's patrimony, a rich store,
Alas, was swallowed many years before
Bishops and Deans we fed upon before,
They were the Ribs and Sirloins of the Whore.
Now let her Legs, the Priests go to the pot,
They have the Pope's eye in them; spare them not."

Happier and more human is the picture of Oxford under the Commonwealth :—

"Cold Kitchens where no meat they dress,
Chapels without devotion,
Dry cellars; Halls without a mess
To keep the jaws in motion."

It wants a hungry antiquarian appetite to devour much of this stale fare. But the mind which has the piety that can dote on a bad joke, if it be but old enough, will not be backward in its gratitude to Mr. Hulton for his compilation. It is a too charitable selection of history which confines it to the wisdom of the past. It is at least as important to investigate its folly.

MR. MONTEFIORE ON THE GOSPELS.*

THESE two remarkable volumes contain an exhaustive critical introduction to the first three gospels, followed by a translation of each with pretty full notes. The third and final volume of additional notes, which is to be written by Mr. Israel Abrahams, has been temporarily delayed; we heartily share Mr. Montefiore's hope that it will be published before the end of the present year.

The significance and originality of the two volumes now issued lie in their estimate of Jesus from the standpoint of Liberal Judaism. Unlike some recent writers belonging to his religion, Mr. Montefiore believes that Jesus existed, and, unlike some others, he feels himself free at several points to express candid and cordial admiration for the character and teaching of the hero of the Christian gospels. The latter feature of the commentary belongs to its cardinal object, viz., to persuade modern Jews to appreciate the life and teaching of Jesus with more impartiality and sympathy than they are usually accustomed to do. The comparative failure of Jewish scholars up till now to render justice to Jesus is attributed partly to the malign effects of anti-Semitism, and partly to the Christian dogma of the divinity of Jesus; Mr. Montefiore hopes, however, that the modern tendency of critics, especially on the Continent, to regard Jesus from a Unitarian point of view, will remove the last stumbling block from the path of a scientific Jewish approach to the great prophet of Galilee. His book is written primarily with this aim. It is, he modestly observes, "fragmentary and tentative. A Jewish commentary to the entire New Testament is required, and here I have only given a commentary upon a portion," a commentary also which, he adds, is unsystematic and pioneering. "It is mainly written for Jewish readers, though I hope that a few Christian readers may find some of its pages not without a certain interest." Mr. Montefiore may feel sure that many Christian students will read his work with a double interest, not only from a curious desire to learn what a Jewish scholar has to say about Jesus, but with an expectation which has been heightened by the previous contributions of the author to Biblical scholarship.

After his essay in the "Hibbert Journal" some years ago, we are not surprised to find that he traces a good deal of exaggeration and prejudice in the synoptic account of the Pharisees. A Christian scholar might admit a nucleus of truth in this part of his criticism, and might point out that such an antipathetic strain in the synoptic tradition is simply another indication of the development in early Christianity, whose final stage is reproduced in the Fourth Gospel, where the Jews are treated unsympathetically in the dialogues. Upon the other hand, when he blames Jesus for breaking the law of love by vehemently denouncing the Pharisees, the censure fails in psychological acuteness. One had imagined that Martineau had given the death-blow to this sort of criticism. But Mr. Montefiore has many good words to say of Jesus, and he is particularly enthusiastic about his opposition to the "tit for tat" doctrine of the rabbis. "Jesus is always at his best when he attacks that doctrine." It is true that Christians have flagrantly disobeyed him; nevertheless Jews may admire and imitate his precepts, the more so as even here the general ideas are for the most part essentially rabbinic. In short, the Jesus whom Mr. Montefiore professes to find in the gospels is in line with the best traditions of contemporary Judaism, and therefore there is no real reason why modern Judaism should

not be liberal enough to hail the prophet of Nazareth as a leader, along with Amos and Isaiah. To the question, "Whom say ye that I am?" this Jewish scholar's answer is, "One of the prophets." Jesus is as essential as the rabbis, or as the Old Testament prophets, to modern Judaism, he contends. But the author must be left at this point to speak for himself. "I cannot conceive," he writes (page 594), in one of the numerous passages which present his mind upon this significance of Jesus, "that a time will come when the figure of Jesus will no longer be a star of the first magnitude in the spiritual heavens, when he will no longer be regarded as one of the greatest religious heroes and teachers whom the world has seen. . . . The religion of the future will be, as I believe, a developed and purified Judaism. . . . The roll-call of its heroes will not omit the name of Jesus. Christianity and Judaism must gradually approach each other. The one must shed the teachings which Jesus did not teach, the other must acknowledge more fully, more frankly, than has yet been done, what he did and was for religion and for the world." In other words, as a rabbi once put it to a friend of the present writer, Judaism minus ceremonialism is equal to Christianity minus dogma. Both religions are reduced to a common denominator of theism, and so reconciled. Whether this reading of history, and the interpretation of the gospels upon which it rests, will commend itself to any number of Mr. Montefiore's co-religionists, remains to be seen; but in any case his attitude towards the synoptic records is full of religious, as well as of critical, interest, and his appreciation of Jesus is characterised by an intellectual breadth and a moral penetration to which readers of similar Jewish studies have hitherto been unaccustomed.

The other side of the commentary, where Mr. Montefiore handles the critical problems of the literature, is not so original. We learn less from it than we expect. The author's affinities are on the whole with Loisy and Wellhausen, rather than with J. Weiss. For Harnack he has undisguised admiration. The running criticism of these and several other modern critics, which is accompanied by copious quotations, is invariably open-minded, and often stimulating, but the reader wins less help upon the literary than upon the ethical problems of the gospels. The main points of interest in the introduction are that Mr. Montefiore inclines (pp. xxxvii f) to believe that Mark (who wrote shortly after 70 A.D.) used Q in a shorter form than Matthew and Luke did, and that Q in its original form was an Aramaic Palestinian document, written between 50 and 60 A.D. The notes will serve to introduce some Jewish readers to the main lines of criticism upon the gospels, but they are too scrappy and inconclusive for the most part to mark any advance in the synoptic problem, or to provide a coherent view of the evangelic tradition. The *obiter dicta* which enliven them generally throw more light upon the writer than upon Jesus. At several points a really vital problem is raised, only to be discussed with a modesty for which we find it hard to forgive the learned author. Thus on Mark ix. 38f, we read: "Radical criticism has made great use of this passage, as proving that Jesus the Saviour was a known god or demi-god before Jesus of Nazareth was born. But of this there is no room to speak here." Why not? In a book on Jesus of over a thousand pages, surely some space might have been spared for a discussion of this matter. It is only one of several very relevant subjects upon which a Jewish scholar of Mr. Montefiore's competence might have done something to enlighten his Christian readers. Another is the relation between the Midrash and the type of some synoptic anecdotes. Another is the vexed problem of the relationship between Josephus and Luke. A fourth is the question which his distinguished co-religionist, M. Halévy, has discussed, viz., the connection between the story of Ahikar and certain traditions in the gospels. Possibly, however, these problems fall to be noted in the forthcoming volume by Mr. Abrahams. One other omission is apologised for. "I must confess, to my shame, that I have not yet been able to study the works of Dr. E. A. Abbott. This grave omission, from which my book is bound to have suffered greatly, I hope to make good on some future occasion." Let us hope that this occasion will be soon furnished, and that Mr. Montefiore will lay his readers under a further debt of gratitude by criticising the Fourth Gospel.

* "The Synoptic Gospels." Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by C. G. Montefiore. Macmillan. Two volumes. 18s. net.

CYNICISM AND SENTIMENTALITY.*

So far as they go, these sketches of modern Italian life which make up "Light-fingered Gentry" are well worth translating, all the more so since the author's cynical vision and lightness of touch are rare in English story-tellers. All the little tales have point, are etched in with neatness and vivacity, and are distinguished by a piquant criticism of feminine weaknesses which approaches malice. At the same time the author's horizon is as limited as a Milanese street, and his emotional quality has the aridity of the pavement. In the cleverest tale, "Through the Eyes of Love," the author has treated a subject congenial to his talent. An intimate friend of the late Claudio Sisoni, the celebrated novelist, has been asked by a magazine editor to write an appreciation of the deceased as an author and a man, and before finishing his article he has the happy idea of consulting the three women who have "seen Claudio through the eyes of love," and so supplementing his psychological judgment. He calls first on Signora Sisoni, and finds her, after ten months, still in mourning, and she introduces him to three guests who are in the drawing-room—Count Marco de Brunner, Count Ercole Norberti, and Count Adolfo Lovieri—who, with their hostess, soon engage him in animated conversation and society chit-chat. As these gentlemen hold their ground, the writer is forced to rise and take leave, but in the hall he manages to tell the Signora that he wishes to write an appreciation on her late husband as a man. "Ah! as a man," exclaimed the Signora, "but I don't know what I can tell you. Really, the man may be described in three words: He was good, generous, and faithful." She seemed to grow younger as she spoke, and her eyes shone. "Good—generous—faithful," I repeated. I bowed and took my leave. Repeating this concise eulogy to himself, the writer drives to the rooms of Igenia, whom he finds standing before a glass, fastening a large hat on her beautiful fair hair. Igenia sits down with a cold laugh when she learns his errand. "But Claudio was so uninteresting!" she says, "I hear he wrote well. Perhaps he did; I know nothing about that, as I only read French books. But the trouble is that as a man he was quite insignificant." The writer asks if Claudio was not good and generous, quick to forgive, and incapable of any baseness or dishonesty. And Igenia smiles. "That is possible," she says, "but he had nothing to forgive from me, and had no opportunity for showing any baseness or dishonesty. He was, perhaps, generous, as you say. Of that I had no experience, so his generosity does not affect me." "Was he faithful?" the writer asks. "Faithful!" she repeated. "Ask his wife!" Igenia then dismisses her questioner, promising to read his study of Claudio because she is curious to see what he can make of the subject. And the writer, disheartened, reflecting how soon the dead are forgotten, arrives at the house where Renata, who is a dressmaker, lives. At his request for assistance, Renata exclaims: "Ah! what good times those were! They are all gone and done with now! Claudio! oh, Claudio killed himself. He worked too much and enjoyed himself too much. I was always telling him that." "But he was so good!" says the writer. "Good!" echoed Renata, opening her eyes; "I see you did not know him. He was simply a devil! Jealous, obstinate, bad-tempered, rude, and fickle." "At least he was faithful," insists her visitor. The girl laughs ironically, and—but we will not transcribe her testimony on this head. The writer retires confused and, after much cogitation, decides that he had better trust to his own impressions of the Claudio he had known—Claudio as he was. He does so. The article is published, and everyone tells him that he has falsified the character of his friend, and has written only for the sake of writing.

Much in the same key is the clever sketch, "Love the Sea, but Cling to the Shore," which describes how a Socialist orator, Antonio Guidi, who has educated his daughter, Pagana, in the most modern theories, allowing her the greatest liberty, delivers, in the Milan Theatre, an eloquent lecture on free love, "the magnificent flower of civilisation, which draws together two souls who seek each other, and unites them in the mystery of the infinite." Pagana's lover, the young barrister, Vittorio, tells her that her father is really a wonderful orator, and that he carried away his

audience so completely that none of them thought of the duties of marriage, or, indeed, remembered that they had wives at all. The girl only raises her eyebrows and changes the subject. Not long afterwards she tells Vittorio that his letters and his portrait have disappeared from the locked cabinet of which she has the key. The next day the old orator calls on the barrister and tells him that everything has come to light, that Pagana is sincerely repentant of having deceived her father, and that Vittorio has only one way of repairing his fault, and that way is—marriage. Vittorio pleads that "this is a typical case for free love," but the father replies solemnly that he is "confusing, in a deplorable way, ideals with actual life. Innocent girls cannot be abandoned in this way. I propounded a theory, but no one can oblige me to show an example." He threatens a scandal which Vittorio dare not face, and agrees to marry Pagana, bitterly remarking, "She arranged this comedy!—the confession, the loss of the letters, the father's revenge."

In this story, as in "The Masterpiece," "Pasquina and Pif," and "A Literary Morning," it is the man who suffers, inveigled by his senses, and unable to escape from the trap prepared for him by a woman's coquetry, love of power, notoriety, or ease. But though the author's misogyny springs from intimate knowledge of the parasitic woman of the Italian middle-class, his picture suffers from the lack of varied colors and broken tints on his literary palette. A serial picture may be true to the surface of things and yet false to the depths, and the charm of a work of art lies in the abrupt surprise that is sprung on us by the revelation of opposing contrasts and depths within depths. There is no variety in Signor Zuccoli's deftness; his sketches all point one way. He should study Tchekov, the Russian master who dissects the selfishness of the spoilt modern woman with merciless pleasure, and yet never represents her but as an insignificant, petty dot on the immense canvas of life.

In "First Love," Miss Marie Van Vorst provides us with a new sensation. She has, with the admirable daring of her sex, spliced together two irreconcilable types of masculine genius and offered us their composite photograph in the character of the sentimental hero, John Bennett. John is a "dear little chap" of twelve when his improvident, charming, talented, clever father dies deeply in debt, and the family heirlooms have to be put up for auction in the old historic house at Syracuse. John has one thought only, for his father's prize gun. He cannot bear the sacrilege of its sale. "If I had a million dollars," he thought, "I'd give them for father's gun," and when the beautiful, dainty, and fresh Mrs. Peter Bathurst outbids everybody else, "the boy's heart nearly stopped." "Bought by a woman! By a woman! . . ." he thought, and slips from the room, and creeps upstairs, and flings himself crying on his bed. "Gosh!" he repeated, "it's too mean, too mean. A woman with that jolly gun." But Mrs. Bathurst comes in all her ravishing beauty of twenty-five, and tells him the gun is his, and John falls madly in love with her in his dumb, boyish fashion. Now the Hon. Peter Bathurst is a brute, a bully, an "old soak," and when ten years later, John, now an athletic, clear-eyed giant with "a fine face full of life and light," wins the blue ribbon at the Valley horse show, and afterwards smashes up both himself and the prize mare, Ladybird, over the hurdles, it is, of course, Mrs. Bathurst who nurses him back to life and love. Thus the idyl runs its course. Miss Van Vorst understands and depicts very well the temptation to a disillusioned woman of a young man's ardent and whole-hearted passion, and Mrs. Bathurst's struggle with herself, her efforts to be "a mother" to John and nothing else, are delineated with sufficient truth to hold us. But the figure of John, the type of virile, out-of-door, clean-minded young giant that American sentiment demands, is not only caricatured but furnished with a well-spring of emotional ecstacy that recall the love-songs of Schumann. The luxury of letting herself go in the creation of an impossible hero, twenty foot high in emotional stature, is one that proves irresistible to many a clever woman novelist. And John's blazing, passionate idolatry of Mrs. Bathurst is proof against all the assaults of time and work and worldly experience. Even when the Honorable Peter Bathurst is gathered to his fathers, and the lady, "beautiful in her heavy weeds," turns to her old friend, Mr. Nicholas Pryne, for consolation, John, "ardent, adoring, tender, leaned over the gallery rail, gazing

* "Light-Fingered Gentry." By Luciano Zuccoli. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

"First Love." By Marie Van Vorst. Mills & Boon. 6s.

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on the melancholy crowd as though a bright angel, winged with life and ecstasy, folded his pinions above death." Well, so be it. The great American public, we have been told lately, loves "the genteel in art," and "the best sellers" in fiction all twang this silver wire. We judge that the atmosphere of the smart Anglomaniac set which envelops the bewitching Mrs. Bathurst, in combination with the sentimental pap spooned out so liberally, should place "First Love" among the best sellers.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER" for April contains an amazing article by Sir Edmund C. Cox, entitled "England and Germany: How to Meet the Crisis." It points to the tremendous increase in Naval Estimates which the last few years have witnessed, and declares that the present state of affairs is due to "the relentless, undeviating determination of Germany to make herself mistress of the world by conquering England." The only possible alternative to the "endless, yet futile competition in shipbuilding" is, according to Sir Edmund Cox, "one which a Cromwell, a William Pitt, a Palmerston, a Disraeli, would have adopted long ago. . . . It is to say to Germany: 'All that you have been doing constitutes a series of unfriendly acts. Your fair words go for nothing. Once for all you must put an end to your warlike preparations. If we are not satisfied that you do so, we shall forthwith sink every battleship and cruiser that you possess. The situation that you have created is intolerable. If you are determined to fight us, if you insist upon war, war you shall have; but the time shall be of our choosing and not of yours, and that time shall be now.' It is unnecessary to comment upon such an utterance, except to express our surprise at finding it in a review of the standing of the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Archibald Hurd also writes on the Navy Estimates. He interprets the two-Power standard as "a preponderance of ten per cent. over the combined strength in large armored ships of the two next strongest Powers," and argues against anything in the nature of an "organic" law which would determine the rate of British shipbuilding, pointing out that the German law has been amended three times, and may be amended again. In an article called "Vox Populi —" Sir Henry Seton-Karr treats of the new political forces, in particular the Labor Party. He declares that the true "Voice of the People" has yet to be heard, and is confident that, with the aid of "strenuous educational work" and "persistent effort and organisation," the "cause of Unionism and Tariff Reform is bound, on its own inherent merits, to triumph in the end." Other articles of note are Canon Beeching's on "Shakespeare as a Teacher," Professor Wodehouse's on "Racial Feeling in India," and Mr. J. H. Longford's on "Epochs of Japan."

The Week in the City.

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THE Bank Return is very unfavorable. The rate has not brought gold, because money is dearer and in demand all the world over. New York has sent a little, but may not dare to send more; for Wall Street is uncomfortable and nervous. So that another rise in the rate in a week or two is quite on the cards. In the light of this it is not surprising that speculation is not quite so rampant, and that the rubber market has been wobbling. One would not be surprised to see a slump and a general outcry from the public, which has been fooled and swindled by tipsters, including in that class one notorious City Editor.

AMERICAN BONDS.

This market is so important to investors and likely to become so favorable that it may be useful to summarise some of the facts recently disclosed by a well-informed writer in

the New York "Journal of Commerce." It appears that two-thirds of the \$500,000,000 bonds and notes falling due during 1910 have already been provided for, but, as might be expected, the weakest companies have so far failed to raise funds to meet maturing obligations. A railroad or an industrial corporation whose stock commands a substantial premium can sell either stocks or convertible bonds on terms that insure the success of the offering. Concerns whose shares are worth less than par, however, cannot attract additional funds through new stock. Consequently bonds carrying a very generous yield must be offered or, as an alternative, short-term notes may be resorted to. This latter device is an expensive form of financing, yet it has frequently saved a company from a receivership as in the panicky times of 1907 and 1908. My authority expects that two and three years' notes will appear in large volume during the current year. These issues must interfere with the absorption of bonds carrying lower rates of interest and are nearly always an unhealthy sign. I think these facts and probabilities point to a further sinking in the price level of American bonds and possibly of gilt-edged securities generally.

THE BOOM AND THE DANGER.

A boom may be defined as a sudden outburst of speculation which carries the price of shares, or raw materials, or both, far above their normal or justifiable level. A writer in the new number of the "Investors' Monthly Manual" reminds us, *apropos* of the rubber-oil-Rhodesian boom which now thrills the City, that the last great boom on the London Stock Exchange was in 1895 "when Kaffirs were being bought from all over England and the Continent, and a capital appreciation estimated at £60,000,000 took place in four months." The writer does not try (as Jevons would have done) to connect booms and slumps with sunspots, but he does dwell on the curious coincidence that the Kaffir frenzy occurred two years after the American crisis of 1893 while the rubber frenzy is occurring two years after the American crisis of 1907. Many small and some large fortunes have been made by early purchasers of rubber estates and rubber shares out of later. Some of the new estates are known to be unsuitable for rubber, so that in some cases more investors than rubber trees will be planted. Whether the boom has nearly run its course yet it is impossible to say. The odd thing is that this splendid business for the Stock Exchange has occurred under the auspices of—Mr. Lloyd George.

CHEAP CONSOLS.

Everyone knows the City statue of Sir Robert Peel in Cheapside with the inscription "He gave the people cheap bread." It was during the war in South Africa that "F. C. G." parodied the statue by substituting the visage of Joseph Chamberlain with the inscription "He gave the people cheap Consols." I am reminded of this by a clever article in the "Wall Street Journal" which lays proper emphasis upon the Boer as the chief cause of cheap Consols. The market could not stand so vast an addition to supplies. But the price has been kept down by Mr. Wyndham's Irish Land Act with its constant issues of a cheaper competing security. But in making comparisons with the past we must remember that Consols were a 3 per cent. security up to 1888, and carried 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest from that time to 1903. Selling at 81, therefore, the yield is still less than 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or on a parity with a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issue at 90, or a 3 per cent. bond at 98. Hence the price of 84 touched in the Overend-Gurney panic of 1866 is really much lower than the present figure on a comparison of yield. Consols have not actually sold below 80 since 1847. There was a panic in that year; the Bank Act was suspended; and the Bank of England rate went to 8 per cent. In the following year Consols just touched 80. That was the year of the Continental Revolutions and of our Chartist riots. The "Wall Street Journal" (a pure Stock Exchange paper) adds sensibly enough:—

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